

FRENCH VIEWS OF ENGLAND. By Ferdinand Brunetiere.

2921



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| From Beginning,
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CONTENTS

I. French Views of England. <i>By Ferdinand Brunetière</i>	QUARTERLY REVIEW 793 Translated for The Living Age.
II. The White Sheep of Norway. <i>By Nora Hopper</i>	LEISURE HOUR 800
III. The Literary Inspiration of Imperialism	SCOTTISH REVIEW 801
IV. "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past." <i>By W. S.</i>	LEISURE HOUR 811
V. The Heart of Darkness. III. <i>By Joseph Conrad</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 812
VI. Woman's Brain. <i>By Alexander Sutherland</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY 821
VII. "Celtic." <i>By Fiona Macleod</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW 828
VIII. The Hunter. <i>By W. H.</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE 834
IX. Colonial Memories. <i>By Lady Broome</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 835
X. Tribute to the Flag. <i>By Nellie K. Blissett</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 841
XI. America and the Continent	SPECTATOR 844
XII. The Vogue of "Reminiscences"	ACADEMY 846

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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXXV.

FRENCH VIEWS OF ENGLAND.*

The director of the Quarterly Review has done me the honor to request an explanation of the fact that, during the war which England is at present waging in South Africa, the French nation has ranged itself unanimously on the side of the Boers. Now, if I were a wise and wary person, I should, undoubtedly, reply that, in the first place, he is mistaken about public opinion here; that it is by no means unanimous, and that there are numerous exceptions, like the excellent M. Yves Guyot, and the venerable M. Tallichet, who however, do not count for very much. Both in France and in Switzerland the venerable M. Tallichet and the admirable M. Guyot are recognized as specialists in contradiction. As we say of some people that they do not quite know what they want, though they want it very much, so it may be observed of the admirable Guyot and the revered Tallichet that they do not always know what they say, but are content if it be the reverse of what is commonly said in their presence. They are forever admitting other considerations, and taking the opposite view. We may also mention the name of the paradoxical M. Edmond Desmoulins, the author of a book entitled "In What does the Superiority of the Anglo-Saxon

Consist?" But I prefer, upon the whole, at once to admit the fact that in France, as well as in Switzerland and Belgium (to mention none but the French-speaking countries), prevalent opinion is hostile to England. And since I have been frankly asked to explain why this is so, I will endeavor to answer with equal frankness.

The chief reason of all—I say *all*, because I propose to indicate several—is doubtless this: that just now, in the last days of the century, England appears to be by way of annihilating a nationality. Every other consideration is secondary to this. What are the exact grievances of the Boers, and what those of the English, and whether it rested with Mr. Chamberlain or President Krüger to spare the world a horror?—all these questions, naturally most exciting to the English themselves, interest French opinion very slightly. French opinion sees, and is resolved to see, only one thing. At the close of an age which will be known in history as the age of the revival and resurrection of nationalities, when, by consequence, the greatest of political and international crimes is to destroy a nationality, this is precisely what England has not hesitated to attempt. To blot the Transvaal off the map of the world—such is the end for which England has

*Translated for The Living Age.

mustered all her forces; although for a hundred years now the new sense of popular rights, and the conscience of Europe have alike vetoed any such proceeding. It would be suffered only in the extreme and completely proven case of the Transvaal's having menaced not the vital interests, but the life itself, the very national existence, of England. And who pretends that a handful of Boers can have done anything of the sort with England's millions?

I do not say that there has been no debasing mixture of reasons less noble than the main reason here stated for the attitude of France. It would argue a very slight knowledge of human nature. There are other reasons, and some of them are sufficiently ugly. If I am told that the uninterrupted prosperity of England during the last hundred years, her progress in every direction, the vast augmentation of her wealth and extension of her empire have excited jealousy in many quarters, I shall at once admit the fact. Men are not angels, and they are only too much disposed to believe that what others have and they have not—those others have stolen from them.

I am even ready to admit, if you will, that the "Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons" has been too much dinned into our ears of late, and that that sort of thing becomes, in the end, most offensive to one's national vanity. Do we not know that success in this world is by no means always proportioned to merit? And where should we bring up, into what barbarism should we not plunge, were we resignedly to accept the notion that good fortune is a proof of superiority? There are millionaires who are simply imbecile; and it is well, and gratifies the moral sense that it should be so.

But in the case of public opinion in France there has been an additional reason, more obvious and not less natural, drawn from the attitude which

almost the entire English press has felt constrained to take upon the Dreyfus affair. Was the dense ignorance of the English about that most unhappy affair real, or was it only affected? Have they come, at last, to see that it was merely used as a pretext and a blind by the bitter enemies of "the French spirit," and that all which they themselves most prize as constituting the basis of civilized society was involved and imperilled in the Dreyfus affair?

*Scandebat fatalis machina muros
Fœsta armis.*

However it may be now, it is but too certain that for two whole years the English press refused to see anything of the kind. For two years the English papers, with the Times at their head, overwhelmed us with insult and invective for not believing in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus. I speak by the books, for I have before my eyes at this moment a copy of the National Review, in which we were treated to the amenities of a certain Mr. Conybeare. They were absolutely indifferent to me, who have lived for twenty-five years in the midst of the polemics of the press without coming to any serious grief. But all the world cannot boast of my coolness and philosophy! The English will permit me to say that they have not the faintest conception of the righteous wrath excited against them in France by the fierce, impassioned, injurious intermeddling of the British press in the Dreyfus affair. They complain of the tone of our journals. Let them remember what they persisted for years in saying about us. If they declined to consider the Dreyfus affair from the point of view of French nationalism, how can they expect us to regard the South African war from the point of English "imperialism"? And since they were resolved, as they said, to see in the Drey-

fus affair a mere "question of justice," they must permit us, in our turn, absolutely to disregard the interests of Great Britain, and to see in the conflict which they are maintaining with the Boers, a mere "question of equity."

But let us lift our debate into that higher region where it properly belongs. Setting aside the national view, whether it be nationalist only or imperialist, and at the very moment when the English appear to be intrenching themselves in it, let us come to the real point. What England is reproached with in this matter of the South African war is not merely the employment of all her power for the destruction of a small nationality, but even more, the fact that she has none but English reasons to adduce for the prosecution of this enterprise, refusing to allow considerations of common justice and humanity to weigh for a moment against them.

Everybody, even in England, must often have heard cited the famous remark of Gambetta, that "anticlericalism is not an article of export." In like manner, it may be said that English liberalism is not an article of export; and our complaint against England is that she has certain principles for use at home, and other quite contrary ones for application abroad. The English are the most liberal of peoples; but their liberalism is for their own behoof alone, and of no manner of use elsewhere. It is good only within the frontier of the three kingdoms; that is to say, in Great Britain. The traditional foreign policy of England is quite out of date in the world of to-day. It is what constitutes her strength; but often, also, it renders that strength simply odious. English interests are looked upon by the English as a national religion, whose articles do not admit of discussion. And these articles are not thirty-nine, nor even a dozen, but one only, to wit:—that the

question in politics is never what is right or wrong, just or unjust, permitted or prohibited, but merely what will further the interests of England. "We must have outlets," remarked a member of the British Parliament, not long ago, to a French journalist; and from this axiom he deduced the conclusion that the rights of England are co-extensive with her power, and that all means are legitimate which may open or secure fresh "outlets" for her. Did he doubt the morality of this position? Not in the least! He considered that English morality, like English liberalism, is binding on England alone; or, more probably, that what would be immoral in a German or a Frenchman is not so in an Englishman, but becomes moralized by the mere fact of becoming English.

If only this policy still draped itself, as of old, in a magnificent robe of glory! Unhappily, it has become purely economic, which does not mean that it may not sometimes be, as at present, very costly, but that its one sole aim is the augmentation of England's wealth. One of our modern French writers, who knows England best, has loved her sincerely and praised her true greatness most eloquently, Emile Montégul, recently remarked:—

"This reverence for riches is more than a fault; it is a crime; it is the greatest damage that the English have done the world, for they have infected all other nations with this utterly false and hitherto unknown idea. God knows what chastisement he has in reserve to punish this injury to humanity. What is absolutely certain is that the English will have somehow to expiate this criminal idolatry, as all other peoples have had to expiate the injuries which they have inflicted upon other nations through exciting their covetousness." These lines of M. Montégul are in reality but the translation or paraphrase of a passage in the "English

Traits" of the Philosopher of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1856). Here, at all events, is one more reason for the prevalent feeling against England.

Certainly we have all admired, during the last six months, the firmness with which England has met her initial reverses in the South African war. We have all done homage to her tenacity and perseverance, though we knew all the time that it was a mere question of money. I use the expression in its best sense, and am far from desiring to re-echo any calumnious personal accusation. But I do mean to say that it was perfectly clear, from the beginning, to the European mind that England did not intend to allow the Transvaal to escape from her politico-economical "sphere of influence;" and that she did intend to keep hold, if not precisely of the gold mines of the Rand, at least of the "plant which they represent." Really and truly, if there had been no gold mines, the English would have left the Boers alone. They have merely undertaken to seize by force a source of riches which, for the last twenty years, they have tried in vain to get by diplomacy, by intrigue and by endeavoring to swamp the Boer element in the foreign one. I do not know when, or to what extent, they will succeed in this enterprise. But their success will not alter the fact that they have acted in exact opposition to all which Europe has been trying to do in the present century by way of introducing into international relations a justice more in accordance with that which individuals practise among themselves, in exact opposition also to that which England is justly proud of having realized upon her own soil.

Whence comes this contradiction? It certainly seems, we say again, as though the conscience of the individual was nowhere more delicate, more anxious, more scrupulous than in England. Nowhere else are folk so anxious about

morals and morality. In an order of ideas with which, in my character of professional critic, I am quite familiar, it is not the novels of Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, nor those of George Sand, but the romances of Dickens, Thackeray, Elizabeth Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward, it is the strictures of Carlyle and the aesthetics of Ruskin which have brought in humanitarian and socialistic ideas. Can it be that it is all only decoration and stage-setting? This is what the enemies of England say—the people who do not love her, though without knowing why. For my own part, I do not believe anything of the kind. It is, if I am not mistaken, only another form of that Anglo-Saxon pride which seems to be the groundwork of the race. The personal morality of Englishmen and the political immorality of England spring from the same source.

Protected by his geographical isolation and, as it were, intrenched in his island; intoxicated by that great prosperity in which, if temperament, sagacity, good sense and national moderation have their part, circumstances also have surely gone for something; imbued with that feeling of security which results from the possession of wealth, but which also degenerates so easily into a sense of personal importance; accustomed to a manner of living which differs in many respects from ours, and which glories, under the name of eccentricity, in defying our customs; all these discrepancies and peculiarities have passed, insensibly, among the English of our day, into a consciousness and conviction of the superiority of their race. Origins and idiosyncrasies go for little. Brachycephalous or dolichocephalous, blonde or brown, Celt or Saxon, Norman or German, Manchester manufacturer or city merchant, governor at the Cape or peer of England, the contemporary Eng-

lishman is, in his own eyes, a man apart, the product of a unique process of selection, the aristocratic variety, so to speak, of the human race. We continentalists have sometimes spoken of this temper of mind as the Englishman's insolence; but the expression is not wholly just. Other people's insolence is deliberate; the Englishman's appears to be involuntary and almost unconscious. He cannot exactly be said to despise other men. He ignores them. But from this ignorance or insolence, whichever it be, one thing results. An Englishman does not apply the same rule to his own actions as to those of other men. He overlooks in others certain things which he would never permit himself to do, that is his self-respect; but he also permits himself to do to others what he would never overlook if they did it to him, and there we have the principle of his foreign policy!

It has often been compared with that of the ancient Romans, and, allowing for two thousand years' distance of time, there are certainly some analogies between them. Neither an Englishman nor a Roman ever doubted for one moment his right, or even his duty, to do anything whatsoever for the greatness of Rome or the enrichment of England. This fact was eloquently set forth only a short time ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Dr. Kuyper, deputy to the General Assembly of Holland. But there are differences as well, important ones, too; and without attempting to rehearse them all, which would be tiresome, beside savoring of a rhetorical exercise, we may emphasize as the chief difference of all, this:—that while the Romans adapted themselves readily to the peoples whom they conquered and adapted those populations to themselves, the English never assimilate a subject people, and still less do they assimilate themselves to it. Before a hundred

years had elapsed, after the conquest of Spain and Gaul, those countries were entirely Roman. The ancient world had its Syrian and its Thracian emperors. But the English in India—not to mention Australia, New Zealand, the Cape or the Congo—guard themselves in the most jealous manner from all contact, intermingling, or community of race. I shall be told that there are exceptions, but I speak of the general rule. I am even willing to admit that there are strong reasons in favor of such a policy. It is a serious question whether the mixture of races in South America, and even in India itself, has not been disastrous upon the whole. The Portuguese could tell us something on this head. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the haughty isolation of the Englishman amid a subject population has had the effect of transforming his practical sovereignty into a confused but obstinate and powerful sentiment of the heterogeneity of the Anglo-Saxon race. The conditions of English supremacy all over the world are such as to intensify the pride of blood. Like the Pharisee in Scripture, the Englishman, in all his acts, thanks God that he is not as other men are. Could anything be more opposed to that broad sentiment of humanity—*caritas humani generis*—which the genius of the Latin race displayed in the universe conquered by its arms? In this respect the English are no Romans. If their prototype is to be sought in history—a fanciful proceeding in any case—I should find it in the Carthaginians.

Now, suppose this feeling transferred to international relations, and how can the English themselves wonder if the pride of other nationalities is outraged? Every race has its qualities. Neither the Frenchman, the Dutchman, the German, the Spaniard or the Italian has any occasion to regard himself as inferior to the Anglo-Saxon. The su-

perility of the latter is a mere matter of circumstance, and it looks as though the English, with all their pride, were beginning to get an inkling of the fact. Have they not shown considerable alarm in these late years at the progress of French colonization, Russian expansion and German commerce? How, then, would it be with them if they had also to bear the military burdens of Germany, Russia and France, and keep four or five hundred thousand men on a war-footing every year? We greatly admire, as I said before, the cool and steadfast valor with which the British have met their reverses in South Africa. This may have been an affair of temperament, but is it not possible that the disasters in question, humiliating though they were, and mortifying to the pride of the whole nation, actually decimated only armies of mercenaries? It was only officers belonging to an aristocracy which is now a small minority, or soldiers by trade, for whom death on the battle-field is but a "professional risk," calculated and paid for in advance, who were touched in their personal and family relations. Moreover, the war, even in the most unfavorable event, would neither have threatened London with a siege nor Liverpool with bombardment. What, one asks, would become of British "sang-froid" should such a case really arise? God forbid that we should desire it; but the fact is that when we come to look closely into what English vanity so readily describes as the result of natural superiority, we find it to be the product of a combination of circumstances, possibly provisional, but certainly contingent. And who does not know that in international, no less than private relations, there is nothing which the mass of men bear less patiently than the pride of those who take credit to themselves for the favors of fortune. The Philip Seconds, the Louis Fourteenths and the Napoleons

of our race have learned this truth by cruel experience.

We shall be reminded, perhaps, that all this is mere pettifogging; and, apart from any question of the superiority of race, we shall be asked if we presume to deny, however the fact may be explained, the superiority of Anglo-Saxon civilization. A comparison will be drawn between English and Boers, and we shall be requested to say whether or no we think that the substitution of the former for the latter,—of that mighty nation of merchants, artisans, warriors, statesmen, savants, thinkers, artists and men of letters for a handful of farmers, huntsmen and shepherds, would be favorable to the progress of humanity.

We reply in the first place that we know nothing about it; and in the second, that even if we did know, or thought we knew, we are forbidden by the principles of political economy to put upon anything a higher value than it will bear. Let us endeavor, just here, to define what may be called the "colonial sophism." Where we are really only striving to place our ironmongery, our cotton and woollen fabrics, our felt hats and other millinery, we flatter ourselves that we are diffusing the blessings and the light of civilization. Not merely has the greed of gain often blinded us (nay, it does so still, and every day of our lives) to the immorality of trade, as when we opened up China, at the cannon's mouth, as a market for our opium and deluged the Kanak and the Moor with the poison of our alcohol, but we have come to confound what we call "progress" with an increase of business. Nay, more, we have actually persuaded ourselves that any kind of violence is permissible for the attainment of such a result. The English hold the same belief, and after four hundred years, during which their historians have been eloquently reviling the Spaniards for the cruelties

which accompanied the conquest of Mexico and Peru, their statesmen find it perfectly right and natural to annihilate, in the name of Anglo-Saxon civilization and its "superiority," a small nation of the same race, the same religion, the same communion even, as theirs.

Did not Mr. Chamberlain himself say, *totidem verbis*, in the House of Commons on the 5th of February, 1900: "The differences between ourselves and the Transvaal are not the work of any government. They are the product of circumstances, of the deep disparities existing between Boer character and English character, Boer civilization and English civilization, Boer education and English education. These are the true causes of the present state of things." Exactly so! and Mr. Chamberlain has, at least, the merit of frankness. Let Boer civilization, education, character even, perish if they are incompatible with those of the English. The world has got to be Anglicized, and not merely "moralized," as a condition of its future progress! The only thing which Mr. Chamberlain has forgotten, or neglected to tell us, is what the disparities in question are, and what the signs whereby the superiority of a civilized nation is recognized.

What is there, in fact, so "superior" about the civilization so extravagantly lauded? Setting aside the Boers, of whose customs, character and education I must confess that I know very little, what vast advantage would accrue to the rest of the world by accepting the English standard in these matters? A motion was introduced into the House of Commons recently for extending the penalty of flogging to various crimes and misdemeanors, at present punished by imprisonment only. The motion was not carried, but the Times was quite disgusted by its failure, and took the opportunity to set forth at length the great penal efficacy

of corporal punishment. What is the conclusion, if not that there is as yet no adequate sense in England of the degradation involved in bodily chastisement, alike to the wretch who endures, the executioner who inflicts and the society that tolerates it?

Take another case, the way in which England recruits her armies. What Frenchman, German or Russian would not blush for the human race were he to see the coarse bait offered to the soldiers of the Queen in the regions about St. Martin's Lane and Trafalgar Square in this year of grace 1900? Not only is British civilization in no respect superior to the German or French article, but I do not believe there is to be found at the present time any other great nation where popular customs are so bound up in a network of tradition and habit, and of prejudices which elsewhere it is the glory of modern civilization definitely to have abjured. Rigidly economic, Manchesterian and liberal, Darwinian also and individualistic, the civilization of England is adapted to England only; and it is because the world is beginning at last to suspect as much, because the importation of English fashions threatens to destroy, in other European nations, the feeling of their own personality, because this much vaunted "superiority" will frequently be found to lie solely in the facilities which English customs offer for the gratification of a selfish spirit,—it is for these reasons, and such as these, that England has found the opinion of Europe almost unanimously hostile to herself.

Need we add that in no case would "superiority" of civilization create what is called a "right"? It may involve duties, but it is no more authoritative than superiority of intellect or of strength. This is a point which mighty England has too often overlooked during the century now nearly

ended. Being unable, in the words of Pascal, to establish the fact that justice is synonymous with strength, she has forgotten that the problem is not solved by decorating strength with the name of justice. But sooner or later she will have to acknowledge the truth. Whatever may be the issue of the war in the Transvaal, England is beginning to be enlightened about the attitude of Europe. If these words of mine might

contribute in ever so slight a degree to this result, I should be only too happy. I should not regret, and I would offer no apology for whatever in it may be displeasing to a good many Englishmen. It is an old proverb which says that our flatterers are our worst enemies, and the highest mark of esteem one can offer to a great people, as to an honest man, is loyally to point out an error as soon as it is described.

F. Brunetière.

The Quarterly Review.

THE WHITE SHEEP OF NORWAY.

The white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold,
The white sheep of Norway, with fleeces dank and cold;
The fold that they are homing to is rough with ridged rock,
And he's a mighty shepherd that has them for his flock.

O he's a mighty shepherd, and no one knows his name,
But he walks the pathless waters, as if on grass he came.
His hair is like the night-rack, his eyes are like the sea,
The whole world holds no shepherd so strong of hand as he.

For he can race the east wind, and leash and lead the storm;
He can bid rise the south wind, and the west wind wet and
warm.

He can break a ship asunder, as a boy a clot of mould,
And the white sheep of Norway he brings into the fold.

The white sheep of Norway—they are the charging waves,
And in their ocean pastures the sailors find their graves.
But their shepherd leads them onward, and, at his feeding-call,
Humble to his bidding come the great waves all.

The shipmen and the merchants that go down to the sea,
Have heard the shepherd call them, to the port where they
would be;
And have seen gray in the moonlight, or splashed with noon-
day gold,
The white sheep of Norway coming back to the fold.

The Leisure Hour.

Nora Hopper.

THE LITERARY INSPIRATION OF IMPERIALISM.

To treat in a non-partisan spirit of the most burning of all present-day public questions in the pages of a non-political magazine is to execute an egg dance of no common difficulty. The war in South Africa is not yet over; perhaps the end is not yet in sight. The controversy over the events which caused the precipitation of hostilities is being waged as fiercely as ever. The names of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Kruger evoke as passionate demonstrations as they did six months ago. The mere idea of a "pro-Boer" meeting still suggests the possibility—which, indeed, ought not to have been forgotten by any reader of previous passionate episodes in British history—that free hissing is not necessarily opposed to, but is rather a phase of, free speech. The author of "*The Areopagitica*" was the greatest champion of freedom of speech that the world has produced, but being also the greatest of pamphleteers, he claimed and exercised to the full his right to hiss, groan and cat-call his chief opponents, such as Salmasius, out of existence.

But we have reached a period in the South African struggle when we can think of, and even have glimpses of, the divinity that has been shaping our ends, regardless of our rough-hewing. The stage of self-preservation has passed; the stage of philosophic and deliberate "settlement" will ere long be entered upon. We can now stand erect on the summit of the South African kopje without any apprehension of a rain of bullets from Boer political Mausers; we can, from it, as from a Pisgah, survey the Promised Land. For "we are all Imperialists now," much more truly than, according to Sir William Harcourt, "we are all Socialists now."

The differences between "Liberal Imperialism," "Sane Imperialism," "Common-Sense Imperialism" and "Jingo Imperialism" may not be quite unreal or academic. If they savor of hair-splitting, they tend also to party-splitting. But Imperialism transcends our political distinctions and distractions. It is an idea, a passion, a worship, a fascinating siren, such as inspired that poet who surpassed even Keats in his sensitiveness to Beauty:—

Ligela! Ligela!
My beautiful one,
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run.

When we think of the uprising of the British nation after that black week which witnessed the disasters—as they then seemed—of Magersfontein, Stormberg and the Tugela, and when we look at the rush of Australians and Canadians to meet, live and even die together on the South African veldt, we cannot help feeling dimly conscious that we are in the presence of one of those gregarious ideas through whose dominance death is swallowed up of victory, that caused the best blood in Europe to be spent in the Crusades, and sent the best brains in England to seek Empire and plunder on the Spanish Main.

Like everything else which has stimulated men and altered the careers of nations, Imperialism has its feet of clay as well as its head of gold. Like Cromwell, whose worship it has served in such a remarkable manner to revive, it is a compound of realism and mysticism. It is the function of literature, according to that great critic whose place, now that he has "passed, not softly but swiftly, into the silent land," has not been filled, to apply ideas to

life. How has Literature discharged this idea towards Imperialism? To what extent is it responsible for recent and passing events? And, in this connection, we must think both of the feet of clay and of the head of gold. In the first instance, what is Imperialism as a historical fact? In the second place, what is Imperialism as a sentiment—divine or diabolical—which carries strong nations, as passion carries strong men, off their feet?

Imperialism, by whatever adjective, such as "Sane" or "Common-sense," it may be qualified, involves attachment to, or faith in, the British Empire. What, in turn, is the British Empire? In this case *fas est ab hoste doceri*. Mr. Goldwin Smith is well known as a very able man and a very diligent student of British—perhaps it might be more accurate to say English—history, but he is the last man to be accused of "Jingoism." He is a Unionist, but Lord Beaconsfield once styled him "a wild professor." So little of an advocate of Imperialism or Expansion, in the limited or specially British sense, has he been, that he has persistently advocated the annexation to the United States of Canada, which has been his second home. In his latest work, "The United Kingdom," he thus pronounces upon Imperialism as an historical fact:—

The British Empire embraces at this day, besides the thirty-nine millions of people in the two islands, three hundred millions in India and twenty millions, more or less, in colonies scattered over the globe. Instead of being sea-girt, England has an open land frontier of four thousand miles, allowing for Indentation, in North America, besides the whole northern frontier of Hindostan. To hold this empire she has to maintain a fleet, not only for her own defence and that of her trade, but for her command of all the seas. An empire this vast aggregate of miscellaneous possessions is called. To

part of them the name is misapplied, and the misapplication may lead to practical error. Empire is absolute rule, whether the imperial power be a monarchy, like the Persian or the Spanish; an aristocracy, like the Roman or the Venetian; or a commonwealth, like Athens of old and Great Britain at the present day. In the case of the British possessions, the name is properly applicable only to the Indian empire, the Crown colonies, and fortresses or naval stations such as Gibraltar and Malta. It is not properly applicable to self-governing colonies such as Canada, Australia and the Cape, which, though nominally dependent, are in reality independent; do not obey British law; do not contribute to British armaments; and are at liberty even to wage commercial war against the mother-country by levying protective duties on her goods. The word "colony," too, is used in a misleading sense, as if it were synonymous with dependent, or were limited to colonies retaining their political connection with the mother-country. The colonies of England which now form the United States did not cease, on becoming independent, to be English colonies. In the feudal notion of personal fealty, which led the colonist to think that even at the ends of the earth he remained indefeasibly the liegeman of the British King, combined, perhaps, with the notion, also feudal, of the crown as supreme land-owner, we probably see the account of the political tie between the British colonies and the British crown. The Mayflower exiles, in their compact before landing, described themselves as loyal subjects of King James, who had undertaken, for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, and the honor of their King and country, to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia. Had the exiles of the Mayflower been citizens of a Greek republic, they would have taken the sacred fire from the hearth of the mother city and gone forth to found a new commonwealth for themselves, owning no relation to its parent but that of filial respect and affection.

This passage is of value because it demonstrates not only what Imperialism—in so far as it involves attachment to the British Empire—certainly is *not* in the sense of historical fact, and what it vaguely *is* in the sense of historical sentiment. It is *not* absolute rule in the strict and only proper meaning of the phrase—the meaning in which we speak of the Roman Empire of the past and of the Russian Empire of to-day. Mr. Smith says that in the case of the British possessions “the name is properly applicable only to the Indian Empire, the Crown Colonies and fortresses or naval stations such as Gibraltar or Malta.” Fortresses may be left out of consideration. They are under military government and exist for military reasons. But the British rule of the Crown Colonies, of India—and it may, for the sake of argument, be added of Egypt—is characterized by a different Imperialism from the Roman or the Russian. It means government, not for the sake of fortune to individuals, or even of glory to the nation, but for the sake of civilization—in other words, for the diffusion of peace and justice over regions where these blessings have hitherto been unknown. Unless we demean ourselves in India, in Egypt, and, as the result will, no doubt, show, in South Africa, as if we were the trustees of civilization, we shall have failed to accomplish our professed mission and to be unequal to bearing “The White Man’s Burthen” with dignity and moral profit. Unless, indeed, Imperialism is an essentially noble ideal—it may be imperfectly understood here, still more imperfectly practised there—it will fail. In the meantime, it is an attempt to give harmony, and, if one may say so, in such a connection, the heartiness of a chorus to the otherwise differing sentiments that animate the collocation of self-governing States, Crown Colonies and ancient Empires over which the British flag flies. Mr.

Goldwin Smith has shown how the sentiment of feudalism, of personal fealty, animated the Mayflower settlers when they established themselves on the North American continent. That was quite compatible with the sturdy maintenance of rights and privileges; so, indeed, the quarrel which ended in the establishment of the independence of the United States was to prove. There never was a greater Imperialist, even in the modern sense, than Chatham; and it may, therefore, safely be assumed that he would not, in that memorable last speech of his, have defended the “schismatic” action of the colonists had he not been certain that their vindication of their “rights” was not quite compatible with loyalty to the central Mayflower idea.

That the New England idea is very different from that usually associated with the phrase, “Little England,” is now, indeed, almost startlingly manifest. The United States, left to themselves, and with ample facilities for “expansion” afforded by the size of the continent on which they are the most considerable Power, have developed an Imperialism of their own, and one which has, on the surface, but a remote connection with the Monroe doctrine. And in considering the literary inspiration of Imperialism generally, we cannot do better than take an American illustration. Walt Whitman lived and wrote before the recent war between the United States and Spain, and the consequent appearance of his beloved Republic among the World-Powers interested in the Far Eastern problem, with the almost innumerable complications which that involves. That even before then there prevailed a passion for American unity equivalent to that similar passion which here we call Imperialism, the following passage shows:—

The highest separate personality of these States will only be fully coherent,

grand and free, through the cohesion, grandeur and freedom of the common aggregate—the Union. This is what makes the importance to the identities of these States of the thoroughly fused, relentless, dominating Union—a moral and spiritual idea subjecting all the parts with remorseless power. What needs most fostering through the hundred years to come, in all parts of the United States—North, South, Mississippi Valley and Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—is this fused and fervent identity of the individual, whoever he or she may be, whatever the place, with the idea and fact of American totality, and with what is meant by the flag, the stars, the stripes. We need this conviction of nationality as a faith to be absorbed in the blood and belief of the people everywhere—South, North, West, East—to emanate in their life and in native literature and art. We want the germinal idea that America, inheritor of the past, is the custodian of the future, of humanity. Judging from history, it is some such moral and spiritual ideas proper to them (and such ideas only) that have made the profoundest glory and endurance of nations in the past.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is commonly regarded as the Tyrtaeus of Imperialism, and the influence of his writings in the way both of fostering the passion of Imperialism and of expressing its moods will be dealt with later on. But here we have an American of the Americans, a democrat of the democrats, the latter-day poet of "liberty, fraternity and equality," who, lacking in humor—otherwise he might have been the trans-Atlantic Burns—has carried the doctrine of "the brotherhood of man, the sisterhood of woman" to the verge of farce, giving expression to what we on this side of the Atlantic call the Imperial sentiment with that poetical ardor which can only be explained by sincerity. This "fused and fervent identity of the individual, whoever he or she may be, whatever the place, with the idea and fact of Amer-

ican totality, and what is meant by the flag," this "moral and spiritual idea subjecting all the parts with remorseless power," certainly holds of the United Kingdom as fully and as absolutely as of the United States. It may be doubted if even yet Imperialism as "a moral and spiritual idea subjecting all the parts of the Empire with remorseless power" is thoroughly understood by the poets who sing or the politicians who practise it. That must be effected before it can be "absorbed in the blood and belief of the people everywhere." Meanwhile, a sufficiently wonderful feat has been accomplished. An idea has been found for which the same enthusiastic loyalty can be manifested as was evoked by the older political watchwords—by the Throne, by the Dynasty, by "Our glorious Constitution." And the romantic fascination of the idea has been heightened by the fact that the Queen who, in the earlier years of her reign, showed herself equal to the task of embodying, as it had never been embodied before, the doctrine of limited monarchy—"the crowned Republic's crowning commonsense"—should, in what must necessarily be the latest period of her reign, have shown herself not less equal to the task of indicating the practical meaning of Imperialism.

That Imperialism should become a force—in some respects the prominent force—in our literature, was as "inevitable" as the war in South Africa itself. At the present moment we are not specially concerned with the non-literary "con-causes" of Imperialism, except to the extent that literature is, or ought to be, the application of all ideas to life. That Imperialism is allied to, and has been fostered by the recent British delight in athleticism, is as certain as that it is a passionate and yet philosophic protest for nationalism as a force in the life of the world against Internationalism, especially in

the destructive forms of Socialism and Nihilism. But, looking to Victorian literature, and the great names which were all-influential in those decades of it which are quite familiar to middle-aged men, it is really one of the most easily explicable of phenomena. On the moral side it is a protest against the merely materialistic view of life—the notion that a man is to be valued, not according to the good that is done through his influence while he lives, but by the amount of wealth he leaves behind him. However much “the simple, great ones gone” of the Victorian era may have differed from each other—Carlyle from Arnold, Ruskin from Swinburne, Clough from Browning—they have agreed in holding up to scorn and reprobation that materialistic conception of happiness, which has naturally obtained great importance in a reign so remarkable for its fat years of prosperity as that of the present sovereign.

But Imperialism goes back further than the Victorian era, to the time when Byron captivated Europe, even although he was boycotted in Great Britain, with “the pageant of his bleeding heart.” His romantic heroes, and still more romantic villains, his Corsairs and his Laras, dashed their heads as gallantly and as ineffectually against their prison walls of conventional Philistine sentiment as he did himself. But the strength of Byronism, apart from the views on special things with which it will be associated, lies in energy and in action. Imperialism means, therefore, the revival of Byronism, an attempt to place action above speculation on the one side, and above materialism on the other side. Mr. George Meredith, who, more than any living man of letters, represents the transition between the older and the younger Victorian ideas, puts into the mouth of one of his best characters, Alvan of “The Tragic Comedians”—notoriously

and even confessedly Ferdinand Lassalle, the orator and inspirer of German Social Democracy—a theory and special application of the Byronic gospel of action. When Clotilde first heard him (Alvan) speak, “His theme was action; the political advantages of action, and he illustrated his view with historical examples to the credit of the French, to the temporary discredit of the German and English races, who lead to compromise instead. Of the English he spoke as of a power extinct—a people ‘gone to fat,’ who have gained their end in a hoard of gold and shut the door upon bandit ideas. Action means life to the soul as to the body. Compromise is virtual death; it is the path between cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency. . . . Let, then, our joy be in war, in uncompromising action, which need not be the less a sagacious conduct of the war. Action energizes men’s brains, generates grander capacities, provokes greatness of soul between enemies, and is the guarantee of positive conquest for the benefit of our species.”

These words are worth noting. Mr. Meredith is generally recognized as the first novelist of the day; if there can be truly said to be any rival near his throne, it is Mr. Thomas Hardy, like himself a novelist with a purpose, and one even more persistently tragic than his. Mr. Meredith has only now come into his kingdom, in the sense of even a circulating-library popularity. But from his first appearance he has been an influence with the intellectually select, and there can be no doubt that, through their power in turn, much of his teaching—for in spite of his capacity as an interpreter of what he himself terms the Comic Muse, he is too serious not to be intentionally didactic—has been conveyed into the actions of the present generation, which of necessity knows him rather as a master, and a mystery, than anything

else. Who does not recognize in the words he has put into the mouth of Lassalle—Lassalle is even more deserving than Heine of being considered the German Byron—the Continental contempt of the British nation as "a power extinct, a people gone to fat, who have gained their end in a hoard of gold and shut the door upon bandit ideas!" That contempt should breed exasperation is the most natural thing in the world. The remarkable patience with which, since the present war began, the British people have borne Continental insults, may yet be found to have been ominous, to have indicated a grim determination to show the world, if ever a suitable chance came, that such contempt was not justified.

But mere "bandit ideas" have never had any permanent influence in this country; the Byronic theory of life has been infinitely more fruitful in Paris than in London. There may have been in the past, and there may again be in the future, outbreaks of Berserkism in our literature, but never of sheer brigandage or buccaneering. Action, merely for the sake of action, war simply as a means of giving vent to energy, have never been appreciated as a moral meal for the nation, although they may have tickled the appetite as a sauce. For the truly commanding force in present-day literature one inevitably and almost instinctively goes back to Carlyle—because, in spite of his violence, and his frequent injustice where individuals are concerned, he represents the permanently serious side of what is at bottom a serious people. He loved Byron, but he had no sympathy with Byronism. He denounced Napoleonism—between which and Byronism there are many ties of sympathy, affinity and more—as Dick Turpinism; during the Franco-German War he denounced France as "the Cartouche of nations." But, as all the world knows—

knows *ad nauseam*—he was a hero-worshipper. And, although it is possible that, in certain respects, his influence has latterly been on the wane, the revival of the worship of Cromwell as the best type of British influence abroad, as the incarnation of what most of us would wish a "spirited foreign policy" to be, is evidence that the true gospel of Carlyle is still a power—an unconscious and indirect power, perhaps—with the British mind. The germs, at all events, of the modern preaching of Action as a protest against Materialism, as an escape from the despair and scepticism which Matthew Arnold has "moulded in colossal calm," are found here.

The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, will not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things. No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour and at all hours the vivifying influence in man's life. Religions, I find, stand upon it. . . . What, therefore, is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluvium of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great? Society is founded on Hero-worship. . . . I seem to see in this indestructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant, lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall. . . . Silent, with closed lips, as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially brave; defying the wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things, progenitors of our own Blakes and Nelsons. Hrolf or Rollo, Duke of Normandy, the wild Sea-King, has a share in governing England at this hour. . . . No wild Saint Dominics and Thebaid Eremites, there had been no melodious Dante; rough, practical Endeavor, Scandinavian and

other, from Odin to Walter Raleigh, from Nefela to Cranmer, enabled Shakespeare to speak. Nay, the finished Poet, I remark sometimes, is a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection and is finished; that before long there will be a new Epoch, new reformers needed.

The strain here is not only of a higher mood than that represented in the quotation from "The Tragic Comedians," but it comes nearer to that actual temper of the younger and more enterprising section of the nation which has found vent in Expansion, and which has been, at least, the advance-guard of Imperialism. These old heroes, "silent, with closed lips, unconscious that they were specially brave, defying the wild ocean with its monsters," have been in a measure, at all events, reproduced in the "still, strong men"—the humbler, the more heroic—who have given the defences of Ladysmith, Mafeking and Kimberley a not unimportant place in British military annals.

Carlyle's greatest disciple, and most articulate—not forgetting Ruskin, Dickens and Browning—was Tennyson. We are apt to forget that the author of "The Idylls of the King" and "In Memoriam" was also the author of "Riflemen Form." Mr. Frederic Harrison has gone so far as to express regret that this side of Tennyson could not be forgotten. And yet, as Lord Lansdowne's new scheme for the defence of the Empire clearly proves, the volunteer movement, which originated in the threats of invasion uttered by Napoleon the Third's colonels, was the concrete beginning of Imperialism. Here, indeed, we have the spirit, though not the music-hall air of Kipling, the contention that domestic reforms should be postponed to the great work of setting the defences of the Empire in order.

Be not deaf to the sound that warn',
Be not gall'd by a despot's plea;

Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?

Let your reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts and take good
aims,
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet or a city in
flames.

The spirit of Imperialism, so far as Tennyson is concerned, is, however, to be found at its best in "Maud":—

I stood on a giant deck, and mix'd my
breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle-
cry,
God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a
giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light
shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of
splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the
sun,
And the heart of a people beat with
high desire;
For the peace that I deem'd no peace
is over and done.
And now by the side of the Black and
the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the
fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war, with a
heart of fire.

On this outburst M. Taine remarks:—

Men said that he was imitating Byron; they cried out against these bitter declamations; they thought that they perceived the rebellious accent of the Satanic school; they blamed this uneven, obscure, excessive style; they were shocked at these crudities and incongruities; they called on the poet to return to his first well-proportioned style. He was discouraged, left the storm clouds, and returned to the azure sky!

This is, however, a vastly clever and thoroughly French way of saying both that Tennyson was considerably in

advance of his time and that he was not so much a man of war as a man of the cloister or of the cathedral close, who, having been seized with the patriotic fever, rushed out of his retirement, shook his fist in the face of the Czar, and, alarmed at the sensation caused by his unexpected militancy, "turned him to his thought again" somewhat shamefacedly.

The spirit of Imperialism was in Tennyson, however, as it was in Carlyle, and perhaps as, notwithstanding his romantic and dandiacal Jacobinism, it was in Byron. We identify the spirit nowadays with the muse of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, mainly because he sings the praises—and lays bare the weaknesses—of that "Absent-Minded Beggar" who corresponds to the legionary of Rome, and whose mission, like his prototype's, is to defend that "extended frontier," which, according to Mr. Goldwin Smith, is the characteristic of an empire of the modern type. How familiar he is now—

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we
aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most re-
markable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all
your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow
into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy
that, an' Tommy "fall behind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
when there's trouble in the wind;
There's trouble in the wind, my boys,
there's trouble in the wind,
Oh, it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an'
schools, an' fires, an' all;
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat
us rational;
Don't mess about the cook-room slops,
but prove it to our face,
The Widow's Uniform is not the sol-
dier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when
the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you
bet that Tommy sees!

Or—

What was the end of all the show,
Johnnie, Johnnie?
Ask my colonel, for I don't know,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
We broke a King, and we built a road—
A court-house stands where the reg'-
ment goed,
And the river's clean where the raw
blood flowed
When the Widow gave the party.

But even Mr. Kipling was anticipated, not, perhaps, by Campbell, in whose best battle-pieces Great Britain figures not so much as what the late Mr. J. R. Green termed an "earth-power," as "the tight little island," fighting gallantly against overwhelming odds for its own life and for the liberty of the world, but by Dibdin. Dibdin, as emphatically the singer of the sailor, of the humble but capable master of that element which, in Byron's phrase, "washed us power," had glimpses of Empire. Here, at all events, is Tommy Atkins soberly photographed, yet distinctly alive, both in his personal weakness and in his representative strength.

This, this my lad's a soldier's life,
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town to some new wife
Swears he'll be ever true;
He's here, he's here—where is he not?
Variety's his envied lot,
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no
shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

And yet—

Called out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domestic woes
He kisses off and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due;
Religion, liberty and laws,
Both are his and his country's cause,
For these, through danger without
pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

Substitute "the flag" or "the Widow of Windsor" for "religion, liberty and laws," and we have the special sentiment or revived feudalism which animates the modern "Empire builder."

What the more recent and popular exponents of Imperialism have done is, without going any further, to supply a special reason for the faith that is in them to sing the praises of a "Their's not to reason why, their's but to do or die" devotion to it. The two writers of to-day who have done most to foster the spirit which is being exhibited on an Imperial scale in South Africa are Mr. W. E. Henley, mainly in virile prose, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, both in "graphic" prose and in resonant verse. Mr. Henley is the candid prophet of latter-day Byronism. He maintains that the singer of "Lara" is the greatest master in English poetry since Shakespeare. He is a believer in and preacher of the vigor of the senses; he advocates action and annexation as a cure alike for Arnoldian megrims and for flabby politics. In a passage written whilst Lord Kitchener was still engaged in the task which was triumphantly concluded at Omdurman, he lays down his views:-

We have renewed our old pride in the Flag, our old delight in the thought of a good thing done by a good man of his hands, our old faith in the ambitions and traditions of the race. I doubt, for instance, if, outside politics (and perhaps the Stock Exchange), there be a single Englishman who does not rejoice in the triumph of Mr. Rhodes; even, as I believe, there is none inside or out of politics, who does

not feel the prouder for his kinship with Sir Herbert Kitchener. And the reason is on the surface. To the national conscience, drugged so long and so long bewildered and bemused, such men as Rhodes and Kitchener are heroic Englishmen. The one has added some hundreds of thousands of square miles to the Empire, and is neck-deep in the work of consolidating what he has got and of taking more. The other is wiping out the great dishonor that overtook us at Khartoum at the same time that he is "reaching down from the North" to Buluwayo, and preparing the way of them that will change a place of skulls into a province of peace. Both are great, and that is much. But both are, after all, but types; and that is more. We know now, Mr. Kipling aiding, that all the world over are thousands of the like temper, the like capacity for government, the like impatience of anarchy; and that all the world over, these—each one according to his vision and his strength—are doing Imperial work at Imperial wages—the chance of a nameless death, the possibility of distinction, the certainty that the effect is worth achieving and will surely be achieved.

Here we have Byronism, but in phrases like "capacity for Government" and "impatience of anarchy" we have Carlylism also. Mr. Kipling's chief strength lies in his always intense, frequently grotesque, and occasionally repellent realism. Perhaps we have here the true Kipling—

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half-a-mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rear-guard to a walk?

With my "Pilly-willy-winky-winky pop!"
 (Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!)
 So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
 So I play 'em up to water and to bed.
 In the silence of the camp before the fight,
 When it's good to make your will
 and say your prayer,
 You can hear my strumpty-tumpty overnight
 Explaining ten to one was always fair.
 I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
 Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
 And when the Thing that couldn't has occurred,
 Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump!"
 In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled
 There was never voice before us till
 I led our lonely chorus
 I, the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

Or, if truth in realism means the same thing as unpleasantness, a still truer Kipling is to be found in "The Sergeant's Weddin'—"

See the chaplain thinkin'?
 See the women smile?
 Twig the married winkin'
 As they take the aisle?
 Keep your side-arms quiet,
 Dressin' by the Band.
 Ho! you 'oly beggars,
 Cough be'ind your 'and!

Now it's done an' over,
 'Ear the organ squeak,
 "Voice that breathed o'er Eden"—
 Ain't she got the cheek!
 White and laylock ribbons,
 Think yourself so fine,
 I'd pray Gawd to take yer
 'Fore I made yer mine!

Escort to the kerridge,
 Wish him luck, the brute!

Chuck the slippers after—
 (Pity 'taint a boot!)
 Bowin' like a lady,
 Blushin' like a lad—
 'Oo would say to see 'em,
 Both is rotten bad?

And yet, thanks perhaps to the strain of Wesleyanism in his blood, which makes him the General Booth of Atkinsque Imperialism, Mr. Kipling is a Carlylian in his love of a strong man wherever he finds him.

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,

They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt.

They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the hilt of the Kyber Knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kemal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the quarter-guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!"

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

There may be more of Wesleyanism than of Carlylism—a Wesleyanism

which is none the less genuine that, like John Wesley's own, it is flavored with mysticism—in those of Mr. Kipling's poems in which he seeks to "improve" Imperialism, as in his famous "Recessional," with its—

Lord God of Hosts—be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

But he is back to Carlylism—the Carlylism of the "Latter Day Pamphlets," and the cry to arms against anarchy in—

Take up the White Man's Burthen—
Send for the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile,
To serve your captives' needs;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's Burthen—
No iron rule of kings,
But toll of serf and sweeper—
The toll of common things.

The Scottish Review.

The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread;
Go, make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.

This may not be the last or the best word of modern Imperialism. It may be expecting too much of human nature, it might even be prejudicial to the best interests of the United Kingdom, as the centre and citadel of the Empire, to "bind our sons to exile" in Africa or in India. It is highly probable, to say the least, that the energies of "the best we breed" will be fully taxed with the domestic problems which will demand consideration when the present crisis has terminated. That, however, cannot be discussed here and now. Enough has been said to show that Kiplingism—more especially in its serious and religious aspects—is, like Imperialism itself, a natural stage in the evolution of the unprecedentedly protracted and marvellously diversified Victorian period.

"OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST."

So prayed our fathers in the days of yore,
Our cry the same across the troubled years.
O Lord of hosts, where Thou art seen before,
The faint grow strong, and vanish all their fears.

Speak Thou the word that holds the nation still,
Come by the ways we know not in Thy might;
Let brave hearts bind them to Thy righteous will,
And Thy clear purpose shine above the fight.

Grant Thou the coming of a calmer day,
When blood-drenched fields shall wither to the sun;
And peace return with large enlight'ning sway,
And perish hate, and right be rightly done.

W. S.

THE HEART OF DARKNESS.*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

III.

"Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of 60 men, for a 200-mile tramp.

"No use telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped in network of paths spreading over the empty lands, through long grass, through burnt grass, through thickets, down and up chilly ravines, up and down stony hills ablaze with heat; and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not a hut. The population had cleared out a long time ago. Well, if a lot of mysterious niggers, armed with all kinds of fearful weapons, suddenly took to travelling on the road between Deal and Gravesend, catching the yokels right and left to carry heavy loads for them, I fancy every farm and cottage thereabouts would get empty very soon. Only here the dwellings were gone too. Still I passed through several abandoned villages. There's something pathetically childish in the ruins of grass walls. Day after day, with the stamp and shuffle of 60 pair of bare feet behind me, each pair under a 60-pound load. Camp, cook, sleep, strike camp, march. Now and then a carrier dead in harness, at rest in the long grass near the path, with an empty water gourd and his long staff lying by his side. A great silence around and above. Perhaps on some quiet night the tremor of far-off drums, sinking, swelling; a tremor vast, faint; a sound weird, appealing, suggestive and wild—and perhaps with as respectable a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country. Once a white man in an unbuttoned uniform, camping on

the path with an armed escort of lank Zanzibaris, very hospitable and festive, not to say drunk, was looking after the up-keep of the road, he declared. Can't say I saw any road or any up-keep, unless the body of a middle-aged negro with a bullet hole in the forehead, upon which I absolutely stumbled three miles further on, may be considered as a permanent improvement. I had a white companion, too, not a bad chap, but rather too fleshy and with the exasperating habit of fainting on the hot hillsides miles away from the least bit of shade and water. Annoying, you know, to hold your own jacket like a parasol over a man's head while he is coming to. I couldn't help asking him once what he meant by coming into this country at all. 'To make money, of course. What do you think,' he said scornfully. Then he got fever, and had to be carried in a hammock slung on a pole. As he weighed 16 stone I had no end of rows with the carriers. They jibbed, ran away, sneaked off with their loads in the night—quite a mutiny. So one evening I made a speech in English with gestures, not one of which was lost to the 60 pairs of eyes before me, and the next morning I started the hammock off in front all right. An hour afterward I came upon the whole concern wrecked in a bush, man, hammock, groans, blankets, horrors. The heavy pole had skinned his poor nose. He was very anxious for me to kill somebody, but there wasn't the shadow of a carrier near. I remembered the old doctor. 'It would be interesting for science to watch the mental changes of individuals on the spot.' I felt I was becoming scientifically interesting.

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However, all that is to no purpose. On the 15th day I came in sight of the big river again, and hobbled into the central station. It was on a back water surrounded by scrub and forest, with a pretty border of smelly mud on one side, and on the three others enclosed by a crazy fence of rushes. A neglected gap was all the gate it had, and the first glance at the place was enough to let you see the flabby devil was running that show. White men with long staves in their hands appeared languidly from amongst the buildings, strolling up to take a look at me, and then retired out of sight somewhere. One of them, a stout, excitable chap with black mustache, informed me with great volubility and many digressions, as soon as I told him who I was, that my steamer was at the bottom of the river. I was thunderstruck. What, how, why? O, it was 'all right.' The 'manager himself' was there. All quite correct. Everybody had 'behaved splendidly, splendidly!' 'You must,' he said, in agitation, 'go and see the general manager at once. He is waiting.'

"I did not see the real significance of that wreck at once. I fancy I see it now—but I am not sure—not at all. Certainly, the affair was too stupid, when I think of it, to be altogether natural. Still . . . at the moment it presented itself simply as a confounded nuisance. The steamer was sunk. They had started two days before in a sudden hurry up the river with the manager on board, in charge of some volunteer skipper, and before they had been out three hours they tore the bottom out of her on stones, and she sank near the south bank. I asked myself what I was to do there, now my boat was lost. As a matter of fact I had plenty to do in fishing my command out of the river. I had to set about it the very next day. That and the repairs, when I brought the

pieces to the station, took some months.

"My first interview with the manager was curious. He did not ask me to sit down after my 20-mile walk that morning. He was commonplace in complexion, in feature, in manners and in voice. He was of middle size and of ordinary build. His eyes, of the usual blue, were perhaps remarkably cold, and he certainly could make his glance fall on one as trenchant and heavy as an ax. But even at these times the rest of his person seemed to disclaim the intention. Otherwise there was only an indefinable faint expression of his lips, something stealthy—a smile—not a smile—I remember it, but I can't explain. It was unconscious—this smile was, though just after he had said something it got intensified for an instant. It came at the end of his speeches like a seal applied on the words to make the meaning of the commonest phrase appear absolutely inscrutable. He was a common trader, from his youth employed in these parts—nothing more. He was obeyed, yet he inspired neither love nor fear, nor even respect. He inspired uneasiness. That was it. Uneasiness! Not a definite mistrust—just uneasiness—nothing more—You have no idea how effective such a—a faculty can be. He had no genius for organizing, for initiative. That was evident in such little things as the deplorable state of the station. He had no learning, no intelligence. His position had come to him—why? Perhaps because he was never ill. He had served three terms of three years out there. Because triumphant health, in the general rout of constitutions, is a kind of power in itself. When he went home on leave he rioted on a large scale, pompously. Jack ashore, with a difference in externals only. This, one could gather from his casual talk. He originated nothing; he could keep the routine going, that's

all. But he was great. He was great by this little thing that it was impossible to tell what could control such a man. He never gave that secret away. Perhaps there was nothing within him. Such a suspicion made one pause, for out there there were no external checks. Once when various tropical diseases had laid low almost every 'agent' in the station, he was heard to say: 'Men who come out here should have no entrails.' He sealed the utterance with that smile of his as though it had been a door opening onto a darkness he had in his keeping. You fancied you had seen things, but the seal was on. When annoyed at meal times by the constant quarrels of the white men about precedence, he ordered an immense round table to be made, for which a special house had to be built. This was the station's mess room. Where he sat was the first place; the rest were nowhere. One felt this to be his unalterable belief. He was neither civil nor uncivil. He was quiet. He allowed his 'boy,' an overfed young negro from the coast, to treat the white men, under his very eyes, with provoking insolence.

"He began to speak as soon as he saw me—I had been very long on the road. He could not wait. Had to start without me. The up-river stations had to be relieved. There had been so many delays already that he did not know who was dead and who was alive, and how they got on—and so on, and so on. He paid no attention to what I said, and, playing with a stick of sealing wax, repeated several times that the situation was 'very grave, very grave.' There were rumors that a very important station was in jeopardy, and its chief, Mr. Kurtz, was ill. Hoped it was not true. Mr. Kurtz was . . . I felt weary and irritable. Hang Kurtz, I thought. I interrupted him, saying I had heard of Mr. Kurtz on the coast. 'Ah! So they

talk of him down there,' he murmured to himself. Then he began again, assuring me 'Mr. Kurtz was the best agent he had, an exceptional man, of the greatest importance to the company; therefore I could understand his anxiety. He was, he said 'very, very uneasy.' Certainly he fidgeted on his chair a good deal, exclaimed 'Ah! Mr. Kurtz!' broke the stick of sealing wax, and seemed dumfounded by the accident. Next thing he wanted to know 'how long it would take me to—' I interrupted him again. Being hungry, you know, and kept on my feet, too, I was getting savage. 'How could I tell,' I said. 'I hadn't even seen the wreck yet. Some months, no doubt.' All this talk seemed to me so futile. 'Some months,' he repeated. 'Well, let us say three months before we can make a start. Yes. That ought to do the affair.' I flung out of his hut (he lived all alone in a clay hut with a sort of veranda), muttering to myself my opinion of him. He was a chattering idiot, plainly. Afterward I took it back when it was borne upon me startlingly with what extreme nicety he had estimated the time requisite for the—"affair.'

"I went to work the next day, turning, so to speak, my back on that station. In that way only, it seemed to me, I could keep my hold on the redeeming facts of life. Still, one must look about sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant? They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a fence. The word 'Ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything so un-

real in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion.

"O, those months! Well, never mind. Various things happened. One evening a grass shed, full of calico cotton prints, beads, and I don't know what else, burst into a blaze so suddenly that you would have thought the earth had opened to let an avenging fire consume all that trash. I was smoking my pipe quietly by my dismantled steamer, and saw them all cutting capers in the light, with their arms lifted high, when the stout man with mustaches came tearing down to the river, a tin pail in his hand, assured me that everybody was 'behaving splendidly, splendidly,' dipped about a quart of water and tore back again. I noticed there was a hole in the bottom of his pail.

"I strolled up. There was no hurry. You see, the thing had gone off like a box of matches. It was hopeless from the very first. The flames had leaped high, driven everybody back, lighted up everything—and collapsed. The shed was already a heap of embers, glowing fiercely. A nigger was being beaten near by. They said he had caused the fire in some way. Be it as it may, he was screeching most horribly. I saw him later on for several days sitting in a bit of shade, looking very sick, and trying to recover himself. Afterward he arose and went out, and the wilderness, without a sound, took him into its bosom again. As I approached the glow from the dark, I found myself at the back of two men, talking. I heard the name of Kurtz pronounced, then the words, 'advantage of this unfortunate accident.' One of the men was the manager. I wished him good evening. 'Did you ever see anything like it—eh?' he said. 'It is incredible!' and walked off. The other man remained. He was a

first-class agent, young, gentlemanly, a bit reserved, with a forked little beard and a hooked nose. He was stand-offish with the other agents, and they said he was the manager's spy upon them. I had hardly ever spoken to him before. We got into talk, and by and by we strolled away from the hissing ruins. Then he asked me to his room. It was in the main building of the station. He struck a match, and I perceived that this young aristocrat had not only a silver-mounted dressing case, but also a whole candle all to himself. (Just at that time the manager was the only man supposed to have any right to candles.) Native mats covered the clay wall; a collection of spears, assegais, shields, knives, hung up in trophies. The business intrusted to this fellow was the making of bricks—so I had been informed—but there wasn't a fragment of a brick anywhere in the station, and he had been there more than a year—waiting. It seems he could not make bricks without something; I don't know what—straw, may be. Any way, it could not be found there, and as it was not likely to be sent from Europe, it did not appear clear to me what he was waiting for. An act of special creation, perhaps. However, they were all waiting—all the 16 or 20 pilgrims of them—for something; and, upon my word, it did not seem an uncongenial occupation from the way they took it; though the only thing that ever came to them was disease—as far as I could see. They beguiled the time by backbiting and intriguing against each other in a foolish kind of way. There was an air of plotting about that station, but nothing came of it, of course. It was as unreal as everything else, as the philanthropic pretense of the whole concern, as their talk, as their government, as their show of work. The only real feeling was a desire to get appointed to a trading port where ivory was to be got—so that they could get

percentage. They intrigued and slandered and hated each other only on that account—but as to effectually lifting a little finger—O, no. By heavens, there is something, after all, in the world allowing one man to steal a horse while another must not look at a halter. Steal a horse straight out. Very well. He has done it. Perhaps he can ride. Beastly, perhaps. Yet still effective. But there is a way of looking at a halter that would provoke the most charitable of saints into a kick.

"I had no idea why he wanted to be sociable, but as we chatted in there, it suddenly occurred to me the fellow was trying to get at something. In fact, pumping me. He alluded constantly to Europe, to the people I was supposed to know there—putting leading questions as to my acquaintances in the sepulchral city, and so on. His little eyes glittered like mice discs with curiosity, though he tried to keep up a bit of superciliousness. At first I was astonished, but very soon I became awfully curious to see what he would find out from me. I couldn't possibly imagine what I had in me to make it worth his while. His allusions were Chinese to me. It was very pretty to see how he baffled himself, for in truth my body was full of chills and my head had nothing in it but that wretched steam-boat business. It was evident he took me for a perfectly shameless prevaricator. At last he got angry, and to conceal a movement of furious annoyance, he yawned. I rose. Then I noticed a small sketch in oils on a panel representing a woman, draped and blindfolded, carrying a lighted torch. The background was sombre—almost black. The movement of the woman was stately, and the effect of the torchlight on the face was sinister.

"It arrested me, and he stood by civilly holding a half-pint bottle of champagne (medical comforts) with the candle stuck in it. To my question he

said Mr. Kurtz had painted this—in this very station more than a year ago—while waiting for means to go to his trading post. 'Tell me, pray,' said I, 'who is this Mr. Kurtz?'

"The chief of the Inner station,' he answered in a short tone, looking away. 'Much obliged,' I said, laughing. 'And you are the brickmaker of the Central station. Every one knows that'—and he was silent for a while. 'He is a prodigy,' he said, at last. 'He is an emissary of pity and science, and progress and devil knows what else. We want

. . . ' he began to declaim suddenly . . . 'for the guidance of the cause entrusted to us by Europe, so to speak, higher intelligence, wide sympathies, a singleness of purpose.' 'Who says that?' I asked. 'Lots of them,' he replied; 'some even write that; and so he comes here, a special being as you ought to know.' 'Why ought I to know?' I interrupted, really surprised. He paid no attention. 'Yes.' To-day he is chief of the best station, next year he will be assistant manager, two years more, and . . . but I daresay you know what he will be in two years' time—you are of the new gang—the gang of virtue. The same people who sent him specially also recommended you. O, don't say no. I've my own eyes to trust.' Sight dawned upon me. My dear aunt's influential people were producing an unexpected effect upon that young man. I nearly burst into a laugh. 'Do you read the company's confidential correspondence?' I asked. He hadn't a word to say. It was great fun. 'When Mr. Kurtz,' I continued, severely, 'is general manager, you won't have the opportunity.'

"He blew the candle out suddenly, and we went outside. The moon had risen. Black figures strolled about listlessly, pouring water on the glow whence proceeded a sound of hissing. Steam ascended in the moonlight; the beaten nigger groaned somewhere.

'What a row the brute makes,' said the indefatigable man with the mustaches, appearing suddenly. 'Serve him right. Transgression—punishment—bang! Pitiless! pitiless! That's the only way. This will prevent all future conflagrations. I was just telling the manager

. . . —' He noticed my companion, and became crestfallen all at once. 'Not in bed yet,' he said with a kind of obsequious heartiness; 'It's so natural. Ha! Danger—agitation.' He vanished. I went on to the riverside, and the other followed me. I heard a scathing murmur at my ear, 'Heap of muffs—go to.' The pilgrims could be seen in knots gesticulating, discussing. Several had still their staves in their hands. I verily believe they took these sticks to bed with them. Beyond the fence the forest stood up spectrally in the moonlight, and through the dim stir, through the faint sounds of that lamentable court-yard, the silence of the land went home to one's very heart—its mystery, its greatness. The amazing reality of its concealed life. The hurt nigger moaned feebly somewhere near by, and then fetched a deep sigh that made me wend my pace away from there. I felt a hand introducing itself under my arm. 'My dear sir,' said the fellow, 'I don't want to be misunderstood by you who will see Mr. Kurtz long before I can have that pleasure. I wouldn't like him to obtain a false idea of my disposition . . . —'

"I let him run on, this papier maché Mephistopheles, and it seemed to me that if I tried I could poke my forefinger through him and find nothing inside but a little loose dirt maybe. He, don't you see, has been planning to be assistant manager by and by under the present man, and I could see that the coming of that Kurtz had upset them both not a little. He talked, precipitately, and I did not try to stop him. I had my shoulders against the wreck of my steamer, hauled up on the slope like

a carcass of some big river animal. The smell of mud, of primeval mud, by Jove, was in my nostrils, the high stillness of primeval forest was before my eyes; there were shiny patches of light on the black creek. The moon had spread over everything a thin layer of silver, over the rank grass, over the mud, upon the wall of matted vegetation standing higher than the wall of a temple, over the great river I could see through a sombre gap glittering, glittering as it flowed broadly by without a murmur. All this was great, expectant, mute, while the man jabbered about himself. I wondered whether the stillness on the face of the immensity looking at us two were meant as an appeal or as a menace. What were we who had strayed in here? Could we handle that dumb thing, or would it handle us? I felt how big, how confoundedly big was that thing that couldn't talk, and perhaps was dead as well. What was in there? I could see a little ivory coming out from there, and I had heard Mr. Kurtz was in there. I had heard enough about it, too, God knows!

"Yet somehow it didn't bring any image with it, no more than if I had been told an angel or a fiend was in there. I believed it in the same way one of you might believe there are inhabitants in the planet Mars. I knew once a Scotch sailmaker who was certain, dead sure, there were people in Mars. If you asked him for some idea how they looked and behaved, he would get shy and mutter something about 'walking on all fours.' If you as much as smiled, he would, though a man of 60, offer to fight you. I would not have gone so far as to fight for Kurtz, but I went for him near enough to a lie. You know I hate, detest and can't bear a lie, not because I am straighter than the rest of us, but simply because it appalls me. There is a taint of death, a flavor of mortality, in lies, which is

exactly what I hate and detest in the world, what I want to forget. It makes me miserable and sick, like biting something rotten would do. Temperament, I suppose. Well, I went near enough to it by letting the young fool there believe anything he pleased to imagine as to my influence in Europe. I became in an instant as much of a pretense as the rest of the bewitched pilgrims. This simply because I had a notion it somehow would be of help to that Kurtz, whom at the time I did not see; you understand. He was just a word for me. I did not see the man'in the name any more than you do. Do you see him? Do you see the story? Do you see anything? It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream—a vain attempt, because no relation of a dream can convey the dream sensation, that commingling of absurdity, surprise and bewilderment, in a tremor of struggling revolt; that notion of being captured by the incredible which is of the very essence of dreams . . . ”

He was silent for a while.

“ . . . No, it is impossible; it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence—but what makes its truth, its meaning—its subtle and penetrating essence? It is impossible. We live, as we dream—alone. . . . ”

He paused again as if reflecting, then added:

“Of course, in this you fellows see more than I could then. You see me, whom you know.”

It had come so pitch dark that we listeners could hardly see one another. For a long time already he, sitting apart, had been no more to us than a voice. There was not a word from anybody. The others might have been asleep, but I was awake, I listened, I listened on the watch for the sentence, for the word, that would give me the clew to the faint uneasiness inspired by this narrative that seemed to shape it-

self without human lips in the heavy night air of the river.

. . . “Yes, I let him run on,” Marlow began again, “and think what he chose about the powers there were behind me. I did! And there was nothing behind me! There was nothing but that wretched, old, mangled steamboat I was leaning against while he talked fluently about the necessity for every man to get on. And when one comes out here, you conceive, it is not to gaze at the moon. Mr. Kurtz was an ‘universal genius,’ but even a genius would find it easier to work with ‘adequate tools, intelligent men.’ He did not make bricks—why, there was a physical impossibility in the way—as I was well aware, and if he did secretarial work for the manager it was because ‘no sensible man rejects wantonly the confidence of his superiors.’ Did I see it? I saw it. What more did I want? What I really wanted was rivets, by heavens! Rivets! To get on with the work—to stop the hole. Rivets I wanted. There were cases full of them down at the coast—cases—piled up—burst—split! You kicked a loose rivet at every second step in that station yard on the hillside. Rivets had rolled into the grove of death. You could fill your pockets with rivets for the trouble of stooping down, and there wasn't one rivet to be found where it was wanted. We had plates that would do, but nothing to fasten them with. And every week the messenger, a lone negro, letter bag on shoulder and staff in hand, left our station for the coast. And several times a week a coast caravan came in with trade goods, ghastly glazed calico that made you shudder only to look at it, glass beads, value about a penny a quart, confounded spotted cotton handkerchiefs. And no rivets. Three carriers could have brought all that was wanted to set that steamboat afloat.

“He was becoming confidential now,

but I fancy my unresponsive attitude must have exasperated him at last, for he judged it necessary to inform me he feared neither God nor devil, let alone any mere man. I said I could see that very well, but what I wanted was a certain quantity of rivets—and rivets were really what Mr. Kurtz wanted—if he had only known it. Now letters went to the coast every week. . . . 'My dear sir,' he cried, 'I write from dictation.' I demanded rivets. There was a way—for an intelligent man. He changed his manner; became very cold, and suddenly began to talk about a hippopotamus; wondered whether sleeping in the steamer (I stuck to my salvage night and day)—I wasn't disturbed. There was an old hippo that was in the habit of getting out on the bank and roaming at night over the station grounds. The pilgrims used to turn out in a body and empty every rifle they could lay hand on at him. Some even had sat up o' nights for him. All this energy was wasted, though. 'That animal has a charmed life,' he said 'but you can say this only of brutes in this country. No man—you apprehend me?—no man here bears a charmed life.' He stood there for a moment in the moonlight with his delicate hooked nose set a little askew and his mica eyes glittering without a wink. Then, with a curt good night, he strode off. I could see he was disturbed and considerably puzzled, and this made me feel more hopeful than I had been for days. It was a great comfort to turn from that chap to my influential friend, the battered, twisted, ruined, tinpot steamboat. I clambered on board. She rang under my feet like an empty Huntley & Palmer biscuit tin kicked along a gutter; she was nothing so solid in make, and rather less pretty in shape, but I had expended enough hard work on her to make me love her. No influential friend would have served me better. She had given me a chance to come out

a bit—to find out what I could do. No, I don't like work. I'd rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don't like work—no man does—but I like what is in the work—the chance to find yourself, your own reality, for yourself, not for others—what no other man can ever know. They can only see the mere show, and can never tell what it really means.

"I was not surprised to see a man sitting aft on the deck with his legs dangling over the mud. You see I rather chummed with the few mechanics there were in that station, whom the other pilgrims naturally despised—on account of their imperfect manners, I suppose. This was the foreman—a boilermaker by trade—a good worker. He was a lank, bony, yellow-faced man, with big, intense eyes. His aspect was worried, and his head was as bald as the palm of my hand, but his hair in falling seemed to have stuck to his chin, and had prospered in the new locality, for his beard hung down to his waist. He was a widower with six young children (he had left them in charge of a sister of his to come out there), and the passion of his life was pigeon flying. He was an enthusiast and a connoisseur. He raved about pigeons. After work hours he used sometimes to come over from his hut for a talk about his children and pigeons. At work, when he had to crawl in the mud under the bottom of the steamboat, he would tie up that beard of his in a kind of white serviette he brought for the purpose. It had loops to go over his ears. In the evening he could be seen squatted on the bank rinsing that wrapper in the creek with great care, then spreading it solemnly on a bush to dry.

"I slapped him on the back and shouted, 'We shall have rivets!' He scrambled to his feet, exclaiming: 'No! Rivets!' as though he couldn't believe

his ears. Then in a low voice 'You . . . eh? I don't know why we behaved like lunatics. I put my index to the side of my nose, and nodded mysteriously.' 'Good for you!' he cried, snapped his fingers above his head, lifting one foot. I tried a jig. We capered on the iron deck. A frightful clatter came out of that empty hulk, and the virgin forest on the other bank of the creek sent it back in a thundering roll upon the sleeping station. It must have made some of the pilgrims sit up in their hovels. A dark figure obscured the lighted doorway of the manager's hut, vanished, then a second or so after, the doorway itself vanished, too. We stopped, and the silence, driven away by the stamping of our feet, flowed back again from the recesses of the land. The great wall of vegetation, an exuberant and entangled mass of trunks, branches, leaves, boughs, festoons, motionless in the moonlight, was like a rioting invasion of soundless life, a rolling wave of plants, piled up, crested, ready to topple over the creek and sweep every little man of us out of his little existence. And it moved not. A deadened outburst of mighty splashes and snorts reached us from afar as though an ichthyosaurus had been taking a bath of glitter in the great river. 'After all,' said the boilermaker, in a reasonable tone, 'why shouldn't we get the rivets?' Why not indeed, I did not know of any reason why we shouldn't. 'They'll come in three weeks,' I said, confidently.

"But they didn't. Instead came an invasion, an infliction, a visitation. It came in sections during the next three weeks, each section headed by a donkey, carrying a white man, in new clothes and tan shoes, bowing, from that elevation, right and left, to the impressed pilgrims. A rowdy band of footsore, sulky negroes trod on the heels of the donkey. A lot of tents, camp stools, tin boxes, white cases,

brown bales, would be shot down in the courtyard, and the air of mystery would deepen a little over the muddle of the station. Five such instalments came, with their absurd air of disorderly flight with the loot of innumerable outfit shops and provision stores, that, one would think, they were lugging, after a raid, into the wilderness for equitable division. It was an inextricable mess of things, decent in themselves, but that human folly made look like the spoils of thieving.

"This devoted band called itself the Eldorado expedition, and I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers. It was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage. There was not an atom of foresight or of serious intention in the whole lot of them, and they did not seem aware these things are wanted for the work of the world. Their desire was to tear treasure out of the bowels of the land, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe. Who paid for the noble enterprise I don't know; but the uncle of our manager was leader of that lot.

"In exterior he resembled a butcher in a poor neighborhood, and his eyes had a look of sleepy cunning. He carried his fat paunch with ostentation on his little short legs, and, all the time his gang infested the station, spoke to no one but his nephew. You could see these two roaming about all day long, with their heads close together in an everlasting confab.

"I had given up worrying myself about the rivets. One's capacity for that kind of folly is more limited than you would suppose. I said 'hang' and let things slide. I had plenty of time for meditation, and now and then I would give some thought to Kurtz. I wasn't very

curious about him. No. Still, I was curious to see whether this man, who came out equipped with moral ideas of

some sort, would come out to the top after all, and how he would set about his work when there."

Blackwood's Magazine.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMAN'S BRAIN.

The man whose brain is small finds a certain satisfaction in the conviction that a woman's must of necessity be smaller. It is a very ancient arrogance, old as the Aryan housefather and older. We find it in ample development among savages, whose contempt for the female understanding is usually measureless. In proportion as men progress towards civilization, so do they grow out of this crude conceit. But they never divest themselves of it to more than a partial extent. The barbarian, even when he has an intuitive feeling which makes him act on the advice of his womenfolks, always asserts his independence, and scorns to give them more than a crumb of credit for a success which may possibly have originated in their mild suggestions. One of the surest of tests in diagnosing the stage of a people's civilization is the estimation in which the female intellect is held; and he who follows the story of human progress will realize that we are still no more than halfway up the scale, while a half-contemptuous feeling is still by large masses of our population entertained in regard to woman's intellect, and while that feeling is still in some measure suffered to color our legislation.

One has only to keep his eye open a little to see that this fine old crusty prejudice has still a flourishing time in our midst. Observe how the first reader of the morning newspaper deals out the news over the breakfast table

to his wife and daughters. You would fancy he had made the news, or had, by his own private sources of information, gathered it from all ends of the earth. You certainly would never suspect, from their relative attitudes, that any one of the ladies who had been the first to open the paper might have dispensed the news with all that air of omniscience. But let her try it, and learn how unnatural, how pert and forward such behavior would appear to the masculine mind. The whole evolutionary trend of man's history has emphasized this relationship. Man must be the protector, woman the protected; man the elm and woman the ivy; so must man be the instructor and woman the instructed. Watch how the typical citizen conducts his typical wife through a picture gallery. Both are equally ignorant of art, but, as they go, it is his place to deliver his little impromptu lectures before each canvas which attracts his attention. As the camel to the German, so is the subject matter of these discourses to the self-satisfied discourser. Have we not all seen the average man thus engaged in edifying the weaker intellect? Such a pair were one day observed by a sister of mine to stop before a picture in which a white-robed Psyche was being rowed by a naked Charon across the swirling Styx. "Ah!" said he, and a beam of welcome recognition shone from his face. "This is Lord Ullin's Daughter." She was

deeply interested, and received his further full and elaborate details with a wifely meekness. In such cases we feel that the relation of teacher and pupil is natural, though absurd. If he is gratified and she is satisfied, what harm is there? What need have we to interfere?

None in the world! And yet we see that in this Occidental unrest of ours in these kick-it-all-over times, this antique and touching relationship is being challenged. The time may come when men will feel no pang of resentment at being ordered by the female physician to put out their tongues; when their little weaknesses may be sarcastically dealt with from the pulpit by feminine preachers just as loftily as the little foibles of the sex are now dealt with by curates and other godly persons. Men, indeed, may yet have to stifle their rebellious pride and obey the laws that women have made, or helped to make, to bind them!

All such changes will imply that woman is being granted a full equality of status--a concession that will most certainly grow out of the increasing belief in the quality of her intellect. For every year seems to show with increasing conclusiveness that, whatever be the ultimate decision in regard to the occurrence of genius, there is in the great mass of cases a practical equality in the male and female minds. At the same time the conviction has grown secure that the mind is a function of the brain and is conditioned by it, so that, if other things be equal, the more brain there is the more mind there must be. It therefore becomes of interest to know what physiology has to say in reference to the relative sizes of the male and the female brain. Only last year, two public men in England, well known, though not of first-class standing, gave it as their reason for voting against a certain citizen claim

on behalf of women, that their brains are smaller than men's. Was that merely a popular prejudice, or was there some scientific basis in it? Of course it is not conceivable that they referred to merely absolute size. That would be too childish, for every boy could understand that, naturally, as the smaller animal, woman would have the smaller brain, while it would be quite impossible that, all the same, her brain endowment might, in proportion, be equal, or even ampler than man's. Dr. Boyd, who, at St. Marylebone Hospital, weighed the brains of 652 men and 715 women, supplies us with figures from which we can calculate that the average man has 10 per cent. more brain weight than the average woman. Vierordt's figures from 152 men and 172 women give the average man an advantage of 12 per cent.

But these are absolute measurements, and therefore form no test of intelligence. Else would the whale, the elephant and the dolphin, with their huge brains, be all the more intelligent than man. But if it be objected that this comparison is sophistical on account of disparity in quality, then I readily make the comparison within the human race itself. Tall men have, on the average, bigger brains than short ones; yet they are not more able. No one has detected any tendency for the tall undergraduates to gather at the top of the honor list or for the short ones to gravitate towards the bottom. If the reader takes down at random from his bookshelves the biographies of a hundred celebrated men, and notes their heights, where such important trifles are given, he will find that the average will come out somewhere between 5 feet 6 inches and 5 feet 7 inches, while the general average of all the population in England is 5 feet 6.3 inches, while in France it is 5 feet 6.1 inches.

It is plain, then, that the big man de-

rives no advantage in the way of intellect from the bigness of his brain, and that man, in so far as his larger brain is due to his larger body, enjoys no advantage in capacity over woman. The comparison must evidently be one of proportion, and yet the difficult question arises, What is to be the basis of that proportion? Occasional efforts have in the last forty years been made by physiologists to settle this point, but there is none yet that is satisfactory. The most obvious and most usual is to compare the brain weight with the body weight. If this be done, woman has proportionally a larger brain than man, for Boyd's figures show that she has .50 ounce of brain for every pound of weight in her body, while man has only .47 ounce. Here she has an advantage of 6 per cent. Bischoff's figures, gathered in Bonn from 526 men and 332 women, give to the feminine brain exactly the same advantage of 6 per cent., and those of Vierordt, Parchappe and others lead to closely approximate results.

Is the ignominious conclusion then to be swallowed and digested that, after all, instead of being inferior, woman is more richly endowed with brain than man? Morphology comes to the rescue by showing that, in proportion to its body weight, the smaller animal has always the larger brain. A cat has much more than a tiger; a mouse three times as much as a rat; a terrier six times as much as a Newfoundland; a baby has, in proportion to its weight, five times as much brain as his father; while a little man is, on the average, more richly provided than a tall one. Simple comparison of brain weight with body weight is, therefore, quite inadmissible. For which relief the male sex owes its thanks.

We might compare the weight of the brain with the height of the body. In that case man has an advantage.

Boyd's figures show that he has .73 ounce of brain for every inch in his height, while woman has only .70. This gives him an excess of 4 per cent. Broca's figures, gathered in Paris, give by this method an excess of 6½ per cent. to the male brain. No very apparent reason can be adduced why this mode of comparison should have a special validity.

Manouvrier proposed to compare the weight of the brain with that of the thigh bone. His work is ingenious and fantastic, but from the outset it seems divorced from common-sense, and after careful examination it fails to bring any share of conviction. The late Professor Marshall's system also is eccentric. It is too elaborate for brief exposition, and though rather specious at first, it fails to stand any serious test.

It is well known that the whole of our psychic activity finds its organ in the thin outer layer or cortex of the brain. Its amount would therefore seem much more likely to be proportional to the surface of the brain than to its weight. On every square inch there are some 10 millions of those neurons which are the instruments of mental energy. A neuron consists of a cell with a long cylinder axis passing downward like a root, while a dendritic process grows upwards. Consciousness depends, in a way whose details are as yet far from settled, on the contact and retraction of soft, bud-like knobs on these branching processes, and brain activity depends primarily on the number of these neurons. But these grow upon the brain surface just as a crop of wheat grows on a field's surface. The analogy, however, is to be pressed no further than this, that just as the number of wheat plants will in no way depend on the weight of earth in the field, but only on the surface that lies exposed to sun and air, so the brain's activity

will have no relation with its weight but only with the surface which it offers for the growth of neurons.

There seems some reason, therefore, to suspect that the comparison we seek ought to be found in consideration of the surface rather than of the weight of the brain. In examination of this idea, I have for the last six years weighed from time to time the brains of large numbers of fish and birds, and, assuming that on the average the brains of specimens of the same species will be symmetrical, I calculated out the surfaces of each. On dealing with the mass of figures by means of a simple, mathematical analysis, I found that, in the case of fish, the surface of the brain is proportional to the length of the individual. For birds, however, the law, whatever it may be, grows more complicated, and for mammals, as we rise in the scale, so does the size of the brain grow less and less dependent on the size of the animal. A mastiff will be thirty times as heavy as a spaniel, yet its brain will be only twice as heavy. Take a big man and a little one. The former may have an excess of 120 per cent. in body weight, yet on the average his excess of brain weight will be less than 5 per cent. In the higher orders it would seem as if each species had its typical size of brain, from which the deviations caused by variations in body weight are comparatively slight. The law of the relation between the two promises to be of extreme complication, and its discovery, in all probability, lies a generation or two in the future.

But, for the subject now in hand, that law, though it would give a wider range and greater cogency to the argument, is not really necessary. For when all available figures representing the brain weights of some 4,000 men and women are plotted out in diagrammatic form, it is seen that just as

there is a brain weight that is typical of the species and only slightly disturbed by variations in size of body, so there is a brain weight that is typical of sex also, the female being in a definite measure short of the male. The line which denotes the increase of male brains with body weight rises very gradually. So does the corresponding line for female brains; but the two are parallel and yet apart, so that the brain of the average tall woman scarcely equals in weight or surface the brain of the average short man.

Without diagrams it may be hard for the reader to realize the argument, but fortunately it may be put in another form, which is of no general scientific interest, but is perfectly valid for this one point. We may adopt the common-sense method, that is to say, of ceasing to make proportional comparisons when the form of the proportion is unknown, and we may simply take men and women of the same weight for the purpose of making an absolute comparison. It is easy to find a hundred men a little below the medium size, and a hundred women a little above the medium of women. By a proper choice we may have them so arranged that the average height or weight of the one group may be equal to the height or weight of the other. Then it is to be presumed, if women are as well equipped as men in respect of the size of their brains, the average brain weight of the one group ought to be equal to the average of the other.

Whatever be the size we choose for comparison, it is never so. The woman's brain is always less than the man's. Whether the observations be made in England, France or Germany, the results are quite unaffected. From Boyd's figures we can pick out 102 men and 113 women between 64 and 66 inches high, averaging close on

65 inches for each group. But the brains of the men average 46.9 ounces, while those of the women are only 41.9, which gives the men an advantage of 12 per cent. There are 21 small men whose height averages 62 inches, and there are 135 women of the same height. The brains of the men weigh 45.6 ounces, those of the women only 42.9 ounces. Here the men have an advantage of 6.3 per cent. From the figures which Broca gathered in Paris, we may select 54 men and 23 women whose heights were about 1.61 metre, the average of the women, however, being nearly half an inch more than that of the men, yet their brains were less by 9 per cent. than the men's, the weights being 1,218 grammes for the females and 1,329 for the males.

It makes no difference if, instead of taking equal heights, we take equal body weights. Bischoff's figures, gathered at Bonn, will give us the data. They are set forth in groups according to weight. There are 91 men and 118 women whose bodies were between 30 and 39 kilogrammes. The brains of the men weighed 1,348 grammes, and those of the women 1,206; which gives the men an excess of 11 per cent. There were 206 men and 123 women whose body weights lay between 40 and 49 kilogrammes. The brains of the men averaged 1,362 grammes, those of the women only 1,215. Here the men have the advantage by 12 per cent. Between 50 and 59 kilogrammes there were 148 men and 50 women. The men's brains averaged 1,370 grammes, the women's only 1,245. The excess is 10 per cent. in favor of the men. However or wherever we make the inquiry, it is always seen that when men and women are of equal height or equal weight, the men have something like 10 per cent. more brains than the women.

In dealing thus with quantity alone, I have by no means forgotten the pre-

sumable influence of quality. But there are no facts to be procured in reference to quality, except such as arise out of the practical experience of every-day life. It is said that the female cortex is thinner than the male, but only in proportion to general dimensions. No observer, so far as I have learnt, has shown or even suggested that sex makes any difference in the number, development or vital energy of those neurons or brain elements which, to the number of a couple of thousand millions, make the physical basis of mind. But, of course, it is fair to remember that this department of science is yet in its utter infancy, the work of Golgi in Italy, and of Ramon y Cajal in Spain, being only some six or seven years old. Histologists will no doubt at some future time discover in brain differences the physiological basis for the undoubted differences between the feminine and the masculine character. But not even the remotest approach to that sort of work has yet been made.

The question of relative quality is, therefore, one that has still to be left in the region of mere speculation. All we can say at present is that, in regard to quantity, man has a clear advantage. History seems to tell us that in general brain capacity, which must be dependent on both, man has had an equal, or even greater, advantage. Part of this is no doubt real; but a part has certainly been only apparent, and due to the social obstacles which have always impeded the aspirations of the intellectual woman. While man has had the mastery, and has likewise had an overweening sense of his own superior talents, a policy of repression has always been pursued in regard to woman. The world at large has entertained the feeling now prevalent in such countries as Siam, that education is for boys, while girls have no minds to educate. No argument, therefore,

can be drawn from the relative infrequency of genius among women. When a Felix and a Fanny Mendelssohn have been born into the same family, and of equal talent, the girl has been made to understand that for her music must be merely a pastime till her wedding comes, while for the boy it is to be a life's profession. If Fanny, prompted by the true fervor of genius, writes songs as fine as the best of her brother's, the family honor demands that she should refrain from publishing them in her own name, and they go to swell the volume of her brother's fame, in whose name they still appear to this day. Lady Nairne ranks next to Burns as the most popular song-writer whom Scotland has produced, yet, as the feeling was strong that it was immodest for a woman to appear before the public, she preserved till her death the secret of her authorship. We know how women so gifted as Georges Sand, George Elliot and Charlotte Brontë found it wise to conceal their identity and assume male designations. If, then, it has always been more or less the practice to discourage the clever woman and encourage the clever boy, there could be no fairness in pointing to the relative frequency of genius in the two sexes as a proof of the disparity of capacity.

And yet, when all allowances are dispassionately made, there lies in history a substantial balance in favor of the male intellect, and this we may fairly enough consider to be dependent on difference of size. For it is to be remembered that an excess of 10 per cent. is no mere trifle.

It is easily shown that in regard to brain weights, small differences give rise to great consequences. The brains of distinguished men exceed the average by only a small percentage. Bastian gathered a list of such brain weights. Manouvrier increased it to

eighty-five, all the names being of world-wide fame. The average weight of these brains in which great work was done amounted only to 1,477 grammes, while the average weight of 6,292 male brains weighed in England, France and Germany is 1,351 grammes. Here the great men have an advantage of only 9.3 per cent over the average man. It would be erroneous, however, to jump to the conclusion that there is as much difference between a woman's brain and a man's as there is between the brains of the average man and that of the eminent man. For we have evidence to show that while great men, as a rule, owe something to the size of their brains, they owe much more to quality.

There may be some importance in another influence. Judging from Boyd's figures, man's brain seems more variable than woman's. The female brain lies closer to its average; there are few specimens excessively large or excessively small. The male brain has a wider range at both ends, and we know that there are more male idiots and imbeciles than female. In some countries the excess is nearly 50 per cent. By a parity of reasoning we should expect this greater variability of brain when displayed at the upper end to give a larger proportion of male than of female geniuses.

The result of this little bit of inquiry is wholly different from what I anticipated when I began to collect the figures. I thought there could be no reasonable doubt but that woman, in due proportion to her bodily dimensions, would prove to be as well provided with brains as man; not, perhaps, that this would be much of a compliment. Let Carlyle and his thirty millions testify. I thought that, like many another ancient prejudice which growing intelligence weakens and science finally dispels, the masculine belief in the mas-

culine brain was doomed to disappearance. But we must all of us yield our loyal allegiance to honest figures, and the figures have been gathered in many places and at different times by men whose business it was to measure and weigh without regard to the conclusions. The lesson to be drawn from such figures, if we draw it logically, is one that leaves but little room for doubt.

I remember once in a society to which I belonged a lady lecturer of the gushing order read a paper in which she was very adverse to the theory of a beneficent Providence. "Why," she asked, "are we without wings, if all this omnipotent love directs the course of the universe? Why have I not been furnished with wings wherewith I might fly to the ends of the earth to my loved ones?" There was a discussion after the paper, when a dry, old, one-eyed philosopher made this pithy speech. "Mr. Chairman, our lecturer this evening complains because Providence has given her no wings. I think she has a cause of complaint, but she's got hold of the wrong one. Her true complaint is because she's got no brains." The hit, though rude, went home with uproarious effect. It was, in a measure, deserved; and yet I saw with regret how ready is the average audience to jeer at woman's capacity. To me, it seems a sorry sort of gallantry which at the opera door waits as squire of dames with cloak and wrap, and then in some smoke-room raises a sardonic laugh by suggesting that idiots are fewer among women because so little noticeable; yet that is a tone of conver-

sation which, in a greater or less degree, the bulk of men very often allow themselves, partly no doubt in jest, yet with meaning in it none the less.

Wise mothers, thoughtful wives and deeply intelligent sisters are surely not so rare but that they often enough come within the notice of every man. They should help to sweep away all those legislative disabilities which diminish the educational, professional or political liberties of women. For these, whatever be the pretence, are mainly founded on a large residuum of that old masculine contempt for the female intellect. If it be true, as I have shown, that the female brain is less by 10 per cent. in its proportion than the male brain, and if it could in consequence be demonstrated that the average woman has 10 per cent. less of intellectual capacity than the average man, it still has to be remembered that, even then, 90 per cent. of the women are the equals of 90 per cent. of the men. On a little consideration, this will be seen to imply that the average man has to recognize about 40 per cent. of the women as being his superiors in intellect.

And yet it has been no real part of my purpose to draw any sociological conclusions. It is a physiological fact with which I meant alone to deal, and the figures seem to me to show that the male brain has an advantage in size of about 10 per cent. It is a difference which certainly affords some little foundation for a very ancient belief; but it offers us no warrant for carrying that belief beyond a very moderate limit.

Alexander Sutherland.

"CELTIC."

A writer might well be proud to be identified with a movement that is primarily spiritual and eager, a movement of quickened artistic life. I, for one, care less to be identified with any literary movement avowedly partizan. That is not the deliberate view of literature which carries with it the heat and confused passions of the many. It is not the deliberate view which confers passions that are fugitive upon that troubled Beauty which knows only a continual excellence. It is not the deliberate view which would impose the penury of distracted dreams and desires upon those who go up to the treasure-house and to white palaces.

But I am somewhat tired of an epithet that, in a certain association, is become jejune through use and misuse. It has grown familiar wrongly; is often a term of praise or disdain, in each inept; is applied without moderation; and so now is sometimes unwelcome, even when there is none other so apt and right. The "Celtic Movement," in the first place, is not, as so often confusedly stated, an arbitrary effort to reconstruct the past; though it is, in part, an effort to discover the past. For myself (as one imputed to this "movement") I would say that I do not seek to reproduce ancient Celtic presentations of tragic beauty and tragic fate, but do seek in nature and in life, and in the swimming thought of timeless imagination, for the kind of beauty that the old Celtic poets discovered and uttered. There were poets and myth-makers in those days; and to-day we may be sure that a new Mythus is being woven, though we may no longer humanize and euhemerize the forces of nature and her silent and secret processes; for the mytho-

poetic faculty is not only a primitive instinct, but a spiritual need.

I do not suppose our Celtic ancestors—for all their high civilization and development, so much beyond what obtained among the Teutonic peoples at the same date—theorized about their narrative art; but from what we know of their literature, from the most ancient bardic chants to the *sgéul* of to-day, we cannot fail to see that the instinctive ideal was to represent beautiful life. It is an ideal that has lain below the spiritual passion of all great art in every period; Phidias knew it when he culled a white beauty from the many Athenian youth, and Leonardo when he discerned the inexplicable in woman's beauty and painted Moña Lisa, and Palestrina, when, from the sound in the pines and the voice of the wind in solitudes and the slow songs of laborers at sundown, he wove a solemn music for cathedral aisles. With instinct, the old Celtic poets and romancists knew it; there are no Breton ballads, nor Cymric mabinogion, nor Gaelic *sgéulan* which deal ignobly with petty life. All evil passions may obtain there, but they move against a spiritual background of pathetic wonder, of tragic beauty and tragic fate. All art should represent beautiful life. If we want a vision of life that is not beautiful we can have it otherwise; a multitude can depict the ignoble; the lens can replicate the usual.

It should be needless to add that our vision of the beautiful must be deep and wide and virile, as well as high and ideal. When we say that art should represent beautiful life, we do not say that it should represent only the beautiful in life, which would be to

Ignore the roots and the soil and the vivid sap, and account the blossom only. The vision of beautiful life is the vision of life seen not in impossible unrelief but in possible relief; of harmonious unity in design as well as in color. To say that art should represent beautiful life is merely to give formal expression to the one passionate instinct in every poet and painter and musician, in every artist. There is no "art" saved by a moral purpose, though all true art is spiritually informed; and I know none with pen or brush, with chisel or score, which, ignobly depicting the ignoble, survives in excellence. In this one cannot well go astray. Nor do I seek an unreal Ideal. In the kingdom of the imagination, says one of our forgotten mystics, the ideal must ever be faithful to the general laws of nature; elsewhere adding a truth as immanent—"Man is not alone; the Angel of the Presence of the Infinite is with him." I do not, with Blake, look upon our world as though it were at best a basis for transcendental vision, while in itself "a hindrance and a mistake," but rather as his friend Calvert said, to an Earth spiritualized, not a Heaven naturalized. With him, too, I would say, "I have a fondness for the earth, and rather a Phrygian way of regarding it, despite a deeper yearning to see its glades receding into the gardens of Heaven."

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We cannot but regret when any word that has peculiar associations of beauty or interest, or in which some distinction obtains, is lightly handled. Its merit is then in convenience of signal rather than in its own significance. It is easy to recall some of these unfortunates; as our Scottish word "gloaming," that is so beautiful, and is now, alas, to be used rarely and with heed; as "haunting," with its implicit kinship with all mysteries of shadow, and its present low estate; as "melody," that has an outworn air, though it has three se-

crets of beauty; as others, that one or two use with inevitableness, and a small number deftly, till the journal has it and it has come into desuetude.

We have of late heard so much of Celtic beauty and Celtic emotion that we would do well to stand in more surety as to what we mean and what we do not mean.

I do not myself know any beauty that is of art to excel that bequeathed to us by Greece. The marble has outlasted broken dynasties and lost empires; the word is to-day fresh as with dews of dawn. But through the heart I travel into another land. Through the heart I go to lost gardens, to mossed fountains, to groves where is no white beauty of still statue, but only the beauty of an old forgotten day, remembered with quickened pulse and desired with I know not what of longing and weariness.

Is it remembrance, I wonder often, that makes many of us of the Celtic peoples turn to our own past with a longing so great, a love perfected through forgotten tribulations and familiar desire of the things we know to be impossible, but so fair? Or do we but desire in memory what all primitive races had, and confuse our dreams with those who have no peace because they are immortal?

If one can think with surety but a little way back into the past, one can divine through both the heart and the mind. I do not think that our broken people had no other memories and traditions than other early peoples had. I believe they stood more near to ancient forgotten founts of wisdom than others stood; I believe that they are the offspring of a race who were in a more close communion with the secret powers of the world we know and the secret powers of the world we do not know than were any other people. I think their ancient writings show it, their ancient legends, their subtle and

strangely spiritual mythology. I believe that, in the East, they lit the primitive genius of their race at unknown and mysterious fires; that in the ages they have not wholly forgotten the ancestral secret; that, in the West, they may yet turn from the gray wave that they see, and the gray wave of time that they do not see, and again, upon new altars, commit that primeval fire.

But to believe is one thing, to affirm is another. Those of us who believe thus have no warrant to show. It may well be that we do but create an image made after the desire and faith of the heart.

It is not the occasion to speak of what I do believe the peculiar and excelling beauty of the Celtic genius and Celtic literature to be; how deep its wellsprings; how full of strange new beauty to us who come upon it that is so old and remote. What I have just written will disclose that wherever else I may desire to worship, there is one beauty that has to me the light of home upon it; that there is one beauty from which, above all others now, I hope for a new revelation; that there is a love, there is a passion, there is a romance, which to me calls more suddenly and searchingly than any other ancient love or ancient passion or ancient romance.

But, having said this, I am the more free to speak what I have in view. Let me say at once, then, that I am not a great believer in "movements," and still less in "renascences;" to be more exact, I hold myself in a suspicion towards these terms; for often, in the one, what we look for is not implicit, and, in the other, we are apt rather to find the aside and external. So far as I understand the "Celtic Movement," it is a natural outcome, the natural expression of a freshly inspired spiritual and artistic energy. That this expression is colored by racial temperament is its distinction, that it is controlled to novel

usage is its opportunity. When we look for its source we find it in the usufruct of an ancient and beautiful treasure of national tradition. One may the more aptly speak thus collectively of a mythology and a literature and a vast and wonderful legendary folk-lore, since to us, now, it is in great part hidden behind veils of an all but forgotten tongue and of a system of life and customs, ideals and thought, that no longer obtains.

I am unable, however, to see that it has sustenance in elements of revolt. A new movement should not be a revolt, but a sortie, to carry a fresh position. When one hears, as one does every now and then, that the Celtic movement is a revolt against the tyranny of the English tradition, one can but smile, as though a plaster-cast, that is of to-day, were to revolt against the Venus of Milo, or the Winged Victory that is of no day. If a movement has any inherent force it will not destroy itself in forlorn hopes, but will fall into line, and so achieve where alone the desired success can be achieved.

There is no racial road to Beauty, nor to any excellence. Genius, which leads thither, beckons neither to tribe nor clan, neither to school nor movement, but only to one soul here and to another there; so that the Icelander hears and speaks in *Saga*, and the brown Malay hears and carves delicately in ivory; and the men in Europe, from the Serb and the Finn to the Basque and the Breton, hear, and each in his kind answers; and what the Englishman says in song and romance, and the deep utterance of his complex life, his mountain kindred say in *mabinogi* or *sgéul*.

Even in those characteristics which distinguish Celtic literature—intimate natural vision; a swift emotion that is sometimes a spiritual ecstasy, but sometimes is also a mere intoxication of the senses; a peculiar sensitiveness to the

beauty of what is remote and solitary; a rapt pleasure in what is ancient, and in the contemplation of what holds an inevitable melancholy; a visionary passion for beauty, which is of the immortal things, beyond the temporal beauty of what is mutable and mortal—even in these characteristics it does not stand alone, and perhaps not pre-eminent. There is a beauty in the Homeric Hymns that I do not find in the most beautiful of Celtic chants; none could cull from the gardens of the Gael what in the Greek anthology has been gathered out of time to be everlasting; not even the love and passion of the stories of the Celtic mythology surpass the love and passion of the stories of the Hellenic mythology. The romance that of old flowered among the Gaelic hills flowered also in English meads, by Danish shores, amid Teuton woods and plains. I think Catullus sang more excellently than Baile Honeymouth, and that Theocritus loved nature not less than Oisin, and that the ancient makers of the Kalevala were as much children of the wind and wave and the intimate natural world as were the makers of the ancient heroic chronicles of the Gael.

There is no law set upon beauty. It has no geography. It is an open land. And if of those who enter there, peradventure any comes again, he is welcome for what he brings; nor do we demand if he be dark or fair, Latin or Teuton or Celt; or say of him that his tidings are lovelier or the less lovely because he was born in the shadow of Gaelic hills or nurtured by Celtic shores.

It is well that each should learn the mother-song of his land at the cradle-place of his birth. It is well that the people of the isles should love the isles above all else, and the people of the mountains love the mountains above all else, and the people of the plains love the plains above all else. But it is not

well that because of the whistling of the wind in the heather one should imagine that nowhere else does the wind stir the reeds and the grasses in its sudden, sweet incalculable hour.

When I hear that a new writer is of the Celtic school, I am left in some uncertainty, for I know of many Anglo-Celtic writers, but of no "school," or what present elements would inform a school. What is a Celtic writer? If the word has any exact acceptance, it must denote an Irish or a Scottish Gael, a Cymric or Breton Celt, who writes in the language of his race. It is obvious that if one would write English literature, one must write in English and in the English tradition.

When I hear, therefore, of this or that writer as a Celtic writer, I wonder if the term is not apt to be misleading. An English writer is meant, who in person happens to be an Irish Gael, or Highland or Welsh.

I have already suggested what other misuse of the word obtains; Celtic emotion, Celtic love of nature, Celtic visionariness. That, as admitted, there is in the Celtic peoples an emotionalism peculiar in kind, and perhaps in intensity, is not to be denied; that a love of nature is characteristic is true, but differing only, if at all, in certain intimacies of approach; that visionariness is relatively so common as to be typical is obvious. But there is English emotion, English love of nature, English visionariness; as there is Dutch, or French, or German, or Russian, or Hindoo. There is no nationality in these things save in the accident of contour and color. At a hundred yards a forest is seen to consist of ash and lime, of elms, beeches, oaks, horn-beams; but a mile away it is simply a forest.

I do not know any Celtic visionary so rapt and absolute as the Londoner, William Blake, or the Scandinavian

Swedenborg, or the Flemish Ruysbroeck; or any Celtic poet of nature to surpass the Englishman, Keats; nor do I think even religious ecstasy is more seen in Ireland than it is in Italy.

Nothing but harm is done by a protestation that cannot persuade deliberate acceptance.

When I hear that "only a Celt" could have written this or that passage of emotion or description, I am become impatient of these parrot-cries, for I remember that if all Celtic literature were to disappear, the world would not be so impoverished as by the loss of English literature, or French literature, or that of Rome or of Greece.

But, above all else, it is time that a prevalent pseudo-nationalism should be combatted. I am proud to be a Highlander, but I would not side with those who would "set the heather on fire;" if I were Irish, I would be proud, but I would not lower my pride by marrying it to a ceaseless ill-will, an irreconcilable hate, for there can be a nobler pride in unvanquished acquiescence than in revolt. I would be proud if I were Welsh, but I would not refuse to learn English, or to mix with English as equals. And proud as I might be to be Highland, or Scottish, or Irish, or Welsh, or English, I would be more proud to be British—for, there, at last, we have a bond to unite us all, and to give us space for every ideal, whether communal or individual, whether national or spiritual.

As for literature, there is for us all, only English literature. All else is provincial or dialectic.

But gladly I for one am willing to be designated Celtic, if the word signify no more than that one is an English writer who, by birth, inheritance and temperament, has an outlook not distinctively English, with some memories and traditions and ideas not shared in by one's countrymen of the

South, with a racial instinct that informs what one writes, and, for the rest, a common heritage. The Celtic element in our national life has a vital and great part to play. We have a most noble ideal if we will but accept it. And that is not to perpetuate feuds, not to try to win back what is gone away upon the wind, not to repay ignorance with scorn, or dulness with contempt, or past wrongs with present hatred, but so to live, so to pray, so to hope, so to work, so to achieve, that we, what is left of the Celtic races, of the Celtic genius, may permeate the greater race of which we are a vital part; so that with this Celtic emotion, Celtic love of beauty and Celtic spirituality, a nation greater than any the world has seen may issue, a nation refined and strengthened by the wise relinquishings and steadfast ideals of Celt and Saxon, united in a common fatherland, and in singleness of pride and faith.

As I have said, I am not concerned here with what I think the Celtic genius has done for the world, and for English literature in particular, and, above all, for us of to-day and to-morrow; nor can I dwell upon what of beautiful and mysterious and wonderful it discloses, or upon its bitter-sweet charm. But of a truth, the inward sense and significance of the "Celtic Movement" is, as has been well said, in the opening of a fountain of legends, and, as scholars aver, a more abundant fountain than any in Europe, the great fountain of Gaelic legends. "None can measure of how great importance it may be to coming times, for every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world. It comes at a time when the imagination of the world is as ready as it was at the coming of the tales of Arthur and of the Grail for a new intoxication. . . . The arts have become religious, and must, as religious thought has always done,

utter themselves through legends; and the Gaelic legends have so much of a new beauty that they may well give the opening century its most memorable symbols." Elsewhere the same writer truly discerns the spiritual secret of this movement as "a hidden tide that is flowing through many minds in many places, creating a new religious art and poetry."

Perhaps the most significant sentence in M. Renan's remarkable study of the Poetry of the Celtic Races is that where he speaks of the Celtic race as having worn itself out in mistaking dreams for realities. I am not certain that this is true, but it holds so great a part of truth that it should make us think upon how we stand.

I think our people have most truly loved their land, and their country, and their songs, and their ancient traditions, and that the word of bitterest savor is the word exile. But it is also true that in that love we love vaguely another land, a rain-bow land, and that our most desired country is not the real Ireland, the real Scotland, the real Brittany, but the vague Land of Youth, the shadowy Land of Heart's Desire. And it is also true, that deep in the songs we love above all other songs is a lamentation for what is gone away from the world, rather than merely from us as a people, or a sighing of longing for what the heart desires, but no mortal destiny requites. And true, too, that no tradition from of old is so compelling as the compelling tradition that is from within; and that the long sorrow of our exile is in part because we ourselves have driven away from us that company of hopes and dreams which were once realities, but are now among beautiful idle words.

In a word, we dwell overmuch among desired illusions. These are as fair as the rainbow, when, like the rainbow, they are the spiritual reflections of certainties; but they are worthless as the

rainbow-gold with which the Shee deceive the unwary, when what is the phantom of a spiritual desire is taken to be the reality of material fact.

And I think that we should be on guard against any abuse of, that we should consider this other side of, our dreams and ideals, wherein awaits weakness as well as abides strength. It is not ill to dream, in a day when there are too few who will withdraw from a continual business, a day when there are fewer dreams. But we shall not greatly gain if we dream only of beautiful abstractions, and not also of actual or imaginative realities and possibilities. In a Highland cottage I heard, some time ago, a man singing a lament for "Tearlach Og Aluinn," Bonnie Prince Charlie; and when he ceased, tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat a sob. I asked him, later, was his heart really so full of the Prionna Ban; but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake, and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that could not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and gray because of his own weariness and his own great grief.

Sometimes I fear that we who, as a people, do habitually companion ourselves with dreams, may fall into that abyss where the realities are become shadows, and shadows alone live and move. And then I remember that dreamers and visionaries are few; that we are no such people; that no such people has ever been; and that of all idle weaving of sand and foam none is more idle than this, the strange instinctive dread of the multitude, that the

few whose minds and imaginations dwell among noble memories and immortal desires shall supersede the many who are content with lesser memories and ignoble desires.

Fiona Macleod.

The Contemporary Review.

THE HUNTER.

That was the flashing of Orion's spear
Speeding its way half o'er the silent sky;
Stand still and hearken, if upon your ear
May fall the echo of his hunting cry,
His gusty laugh of triumph, for the dart
Struck, as it left our sight, the quarry's heart.

We saw his shoulders but an hour ago
Break through the misty border of the East;
Fronting the heavenly slope he shone, below
Leaving the hall where shades of heroes feast;
Now mounts he, with swift feet that never tire,
Girt with his jewel-studded belt of fire.

Broader are those still meadows of the skies
Whose bounds are clipped within the sun's wide girth,
Deeper vales dip, more rugged mountains rise
Than those he trod upon the primal earth,
Though there the meadows scarce felt feet of man,
And the rough hills showed yet the hoof of Pan.

About his way lies the unfathomed night;
A cloud enwraps him in its fleecy fold,
Or in clear heaven the moon sheds silver light;
So hunts he till the East grows red and gold
About the feet of the ascending day,
Then ghostlike from the sky he fades away.

On the rough hill-flank where he struck the deer,
His eyes have seen great cities rise and pass,
For whose sole record in our day appear
Some heaps of broken stones beneath the grass;
Pan in the woods and vales no longer stirs,
Passed into silence with his worshippers.

Even as he saw Earth's youth and lusty prime,
So shall he mark her life's slow ebb and wane
Throughout the aeons of unmeasured time;
And still the chase across the heavenly plain
Shall he pursue, when withered and fordone,
She turns, a dead globe round a dying sun.

COLONIAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

"STELLA CLAVISQUE MARIS INDICI."

"The Star and the Key of the Indian Ocean" lay smiling before me on Easter Sunday, April, 1878.

The little schooner in which I had come across from Natal had just dropped anchor in the harbor of Port Louis after seventeen days of light and baffling winds. How quickly all the tedium of that past time slipped out of my mind as the fast-growing daylight revealed the beauties of Mauritius, a little island which I had so often read of, and yet so little expected ever to behold. The interest of the tragic tale of "Paul and Virginia" had riveted my wandering attention during the French reading-lessons of my youth, though I always secretly wondered why Virginia had been such a goose as to decline help from a sailor, apparently only because he was somewhat insufficiently clad. I should not have dared to give utterance to this opinion, however, so prudish was the domestic atmosphere of those early days.

The first real interest I felt in Mauritius arose from the frequent mention of the little island as a health-resort, in some charming letters of Miss Eden's, published about five-and-twenty years ago, but written long before that date, when she was keeping house for her brother, Lord Auckland, then Governor-General of India. Miss Eden speaks of many friends and Indian tourists (for "Paget, M. P.'s" existed apparently even in those distant times) having gone for change of air to "the Mauritius" and coming back quite strong and robust. She mentions one instance of a whole

opera company, whose health gave way in Calcutta, and who made the excursion, returning in time for their next season with restored health, and she often longs in vain for such a change for her hard-worked brother.

But all that must have been many years before the first mysterious outbreak of fever which ravaged the place in 1867. I was assured that before that date the reputation of the pretty little island had stood very high as a sanatorium, but no doctor could give me any reason for the sudden appearance of this virulent fever. There were, of course, many theories, each of which had earnest supporters. Some said the great hurricane which had just before swept over the island brought the malaria on its wings. Others declared the *déboisement*, which had been carried on to a devastating extent in order to increase the area available for sugar-cane planting, was to blame; whilst a third faction put all the trouble down to the great influx of coolie immigrants introduced about that date to work in the cane-fields. Perhaps the truth lies in a blending of these three principal theories. Any way, I felt it sad and hard that so really lovely an island should have such dark and trying days behind as well as before it.

But, after seventeen days of glaring lonely seas and dark, monotonous nights, one is not apt to think of anything beyond the immediate "blessings of the land," and I gazed with profound content on the chain of volcanic hills, down whose rugged sides many *cascades* tumbled their gleaming silver.

Coral reefs, with white foam tossing over them, in spite of the calm sapphire sea on which we were gently floating into harbor, seemed spread all around us, and, indeed, I believe these *récifs* circle the whole island with a dangerous though protecting girdle. Sloping ground, covered with growth of differing greens, some showing the bluish hue of the sugar-cane, others the more vivid coloring of a coarse, tall grass, led the eye gently down to the flowering trees and foliage round the clustering houses of Port Louis, whose steep, high-pitched roofs looked so suggestive of tropic rains. Port Louis was once evidently a stately capital, and large, handsome houses still remain. These have, however, nearly all been turned into offices or banks, and the fine, large Government House, or *Hôtel du Gouvernement*, is always empty as to its numerous bedrooms. Hardly a white person sleeps with impunity in Port Louis, though all the business—official and private—is carried on there, and it contains many excellent shops.

You must climb up, however, some few miles by the steep little railway before you realize how really lovely the scenery of Mauritius can be. All in miniature, it is true, but very ambitious in character. Except for the glowing tints of the volcanic rocks and the tropic vegetation, one might be looking at a bit of Switzerland through the wrong end of a telescope; but nowhere else have I ever seen such tints as the bare mountain sides take at sunset. The tufa rocks glow like wet porphyry, and so magical are the hues that one half expects to see the grand recumbent figure of the old warrior of the Corps de Garde hill, outlined against the purple sky, rise up and salute the island which once was his.

Mauritius is in many ways an object-lesson which is not without its significance just now. Here we have

a little island thoroughly French in its history and people, and inhabited by many of the *vieille roche* who fled there in the Terror days. Battles between French and English by land and sea raged round its sunny shores in the first few years of the just-ended century. Dauntless attacks and valiant resistance have left heroic memories behind them. We took it by *force majeure* in 1811, but it was not until the great settling up at the Restoration in 1814 that the hatchet may be said to have been finally buried, and the two nationalities began to pull together comfortably. I was rather surprised to see how thoroughly French Mauritius still is in language and in characteristics; but the result is indeed satisfactory. I found it quite the most highly civilized of the colonies I then knew, and from the social point of view there was nothing left to be desired. The early class of French settler had evidently been of a much higher type than our own rough-and-ready colonist, and the refinement, so introduced, had influenced the whole place. Did I find any race-hatred, oppression, or heart-burnings? No, indeed; of all the dependencies of our Empire, not one has come forward more generously or more splendidly with substantial offers of help than that little, lonely isle, "the Star and Key of the Indian Ocean." I venture to say, speaking from my experience of those days, that the Queen has no more loyal subjects than the Mauritiens.

It may be that the trials and troubles we have all borne there side by side in the past half-century have knitted and bound us together. We have had hurricane, pestilence and fire to contend with, besides the chronic hard times of the sugar industry. In these fast-following calamities French and English have stood shoulder to shoulder, and the only race or religious rivalry

has been in good and noble deeds. In the Zulu war of 1881, when Sir Bartle Frere sent a ship down with despatches to my dear husband, then the Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius, urgently asking for help to "hold the fort" until the English reinforcements could arrive, Mauritius sprang to her feet then as now, and gave willing and substantial help. Every soldier who was able to stand up started at twenty-four hours' notice for Durban. The same day the mayor of Port Louis held a meeting, at which a volunteer corps of doctors and nurses was at once raised, with plenty of money to equip them, and they, as well as cooks and cows—both much needed—were on their way to Durban before another sun had set. It was indeed gratifying to hear afterwards that not only had our little military effort been of great service, but that the abundance of fresh milk supplied had helped many a case of dysentery at Durban among the garrison to turn the corner on the road to recovery.

Nothing can be much more beautiful than the view from the back veranda at "Réduit," as the fine country Government House, built by the Chevalier de la Brillane for the Governors of Mauritius more than a century ago, is called. Before you spreads an expanse of English lawn only broken by clumps of gay foliated shrubs or beds of flowers, and behind that again is the wooded edge of the steep ravine where the mischievous "jackos" hide, who come up at night to play havoc with the sugar-canies on its opposite side. The only day of the week on which they ventured up was Sunday afternoon, when all the world was silent and sleepy. It used to be my delight to watch from an upper bedroom window the stealthy appearance of the old sentinel monkeys, who first peered cautiously up and evidently reconnoitred the ground thoroughly.

After a few moments of careful scouting a sort of chirrup would be heard, which seemed the signal for the rest of the colony to tumble tumultuously up the bank. Such games as then started among the young ones, such antics and tumblings and romps! But all the time the sentinels never relaxed their vigilance. They spread like a cordon round the gambolling young ones, and kept turning their horribly wise, human-looking heads from side to side incessantly, only picking and chewing a blade of grass now and then. The mothers seemed to keep together, and doubtless gossiped; but let my old and perfectly harmless Skye terrier toddle round the corner of the veranda, and each female would dart into the group of playing monkeys, seize her property by its nearest leg, toss it over her shoulder, and, quicker than the eye could follow, she would have disappeared down the ravine. The sentinels had uttered their warning cry directly, but they always remained until the very last, and retreated in good order; though there was no cause for alarm, as "Boxer's" thoughts were on the peacocks, apt to trespass at those silent and unguarded hours, and not on the monkeys at all!

This is a sad digression, but yet it has not led us far from that halcyon scene, which is so often before the eyes of my memory. The beautiful changing hues of the Indian Ocean bound the horizon in this and every other extensive island view, but between us and it there arises in the distance a very forest of tall, green masts, the spikes of countless aloe blossoms. I have heard Mauritius described as "an island with a barque always to windward," and there is much truth in the saying; though one could easily mistake the glancing wing of a huge seagull or the long, white floating tail-feathers of the "boatswain bird" for the shimmer of a distant sail.

I fear it is a very prosaic confession to make, but one fact which added considerably to my comfort in Mauritius was the excellence of the cook of that day. I hear that education and Board schools have now improved him off the face of the island, but he used to be a very clever mixture of the best of French and Indian cookery traditions. The food supply was poor. We got our beef from Madagascar, and our mutton came from Aden. We found it answer to import half a dozen little sheep at a time; they cost about 1*l* apiece for purchase and carriage, but could be allowed only a month's run in the beautiful park of five hundred acres which surrounded Réduit. More than that made them ill, so rich and luscious was the grass; for sheep, like human beings, seem to need a good deal of exercise, and, as Abernethy advised the rich gourmet to do, ought to "live on a shilling a day, and earn it."

These same sheep, however, or rather one of the servants, gave me one of the worst frights of my life. We were at luncheon one day when an under servant, who never appeared in the dining-room, rushed in, calling out, "Oh, Excellence, *quel malheur!*" then he lapsed into Hindustani and patois, declaring there had been a terrible railway accident, and that *all* were injured and two killed outright! As this same line, which had a private station in the park about a mile away, constantly brought us up friends at that hour, I nearly fainted with horror; and yet I remember how angry, though relieved, I felt when the same agitated individual wailed out, "and they were all so fat!" One is apt to be indignant at having been tricked into emotion before one is grateful for the relief to one's mind.

Almost the first thing which struck me in Mauritius was the absence of cows as well as sheep. I never saw a cow grazing, and yet there seemed

plenty of good milk, and even a pallid pat of fresh butter appeared at breakfast. But there were plenty of cows, only the coolies kept them in their houses, to the despair of the sanitary inspectors, who insisted on proper cow-sheds being built at an orthodox distance from the little *case* or native house, only to find that the family moved down and lived with the cow as before. One year there was an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia among the poor cows, and I heard many pathetic stories of the despair of the owners when sentence of death had to be pronounced in the infected districts against their beloved cows. It was impossible to make the coolies understand that this was a precautionary measure, and the large and liberal compensation which they received seemed to bring no consolation whatever with it. I was assured that in many instances the owner of the doomed animal would fling himself at the inspector's feet, beseeching him to spare the life of the cow, and to kill him (the coolie) instead!

The roads in Mauritius were admirably kept, but very hard and very hilly. The big horse, usually imported from Australia, soon knocked his legs to pieces if much used up and down these hills; but an excellent class of hardy, handsome little pony came to us from Pégou and other parts of Burma, as well as from Timor and Java. These animals were very expensive to buy, but excellent for work, and I should think would have made splendid polo ponies; but polo did not seem to be much played in Mauritius at that date.

Since my day another frightful hurricane has devastated the poor little island, but I heard many stories of former ones. During the summer season—that is, from about November until March or April—the local Meteorological Office keeps a sharp eye on the barometer, and every arrangement is cut and dry, ready to be acted upon at

a moment's warning, for a *coup de vent* is a rapid traveller and does not dawdle on its way.

We had many false alarms during my stay, for it sometimes happens that the hurrying winds are diverted from the track they started on, and so we escaped *quitte pour la peur*. When the first warning gun fired, all the ships in harbor began to get ready to go outside, for the greatest mischief done in the big hurricane of 1868 was from the crowded vessels in the comparatively small harbor of Port Louis grinding against each other; to say nothing of those ships which, as Kipling sings, were

flung to roost with the startled crows.

At the second signal gun, which meant that the force of the wind was increasing and travelling towards us, the ships got themselves out of harbor, and every business man who lived in the country betook himself to the railway station, as after the third gun, which might be heard within even half an hour, the trains would cease to run. I chanced to be returning from Port Louis on one of these occasions, and certainly the railway station presented a curious sight. All my acquaintances seemed to be there, hurrying home with anxious and preoccupied faces. Each man grasped a ham firmly in one hand and his despatch-box in the other, whilst his *pion*, or messenger, was following closely laden with baskets of bread and groceries, and attended by coolies with live fowls and bottles of lamp oil! My own head servant "Monsieur Jorge," always made the least sign of a "blow" an excuse for demanding sundry extra rupees in hand for carriage money, and started directly in one of these queer little vehicles for a round of marketing in the neighborhood.

At the first gun heard at Réduit an

army of gardeners used to set to work to move the hundreds of large plants out of the verandas into a big, empty room close by. They were followed by the house-carpenter and his mates, armed with enormous iron wedges and sledge hammers. These worthies proceeded to close the great, clumsy, hurricane shutters, which so spoil the outer effect of all Mauritian houses, and besides putting the heavy iron bars in their places, wedged them firmly down. It really looked as if the house was being prepared for a siege. Happily, my own experience did not extend beyond a couple of days of this state of affairs, nor was any storm I assisted at dignified by the name of a hurricane, but I could form from these little experiences only too good an idea of what the real thing must be like. Personally, my greatest inconvenience arose from the pervading smell of the lamps, which were, of course, burning all day as well as all night, and from our never being able to get rid of the smell of food. One was so accustomed to the fresh-air life, with doors and windows always open, that these odors were very trying. But the noise is, I think, what is least understood. Even in a "blow" it is truly deafening, and never ceases for an instant. At Réduit there was a long, well-defended corridor upstairs, and I thought I would try and walk along its length. Not a breath of wind really got in, or the roof would soon have been whisked off the house; but although I flatter myself I am tolerably brave, I could not walk down that corridor! Every yard or so a resounding blow, as if from a cannon-ball, would come thundering against the outer side, whilst the noise of many waters descending in solid sheets on the roof, and the screams of the shrieking, whistling winds outside, were literally deafening. It was impossible to believe that any structure made by human hands could stand; and yet that was

not a hurricane! Never shall I forget my last outdoor glimpse, which I was invited to take just before the big hall-door on the leeward side was finally shut and barricaded. I could not have believed that the sky could be of such an inky blackness, except at one corner, where a triangle of the curtain of darkness, with sharply defined outlines, had apparently just been turned back to show the deep, blood-red coloring behind. It was awful, beyond all words to describe; but "Monsieur Jorge," who held the door open for me, said, "Dat not real bad sky." He seemed hard to please, I thought.

However, a couple of days' imprisonment was all we suffered that time, and the instant the gale dropped, at sunrise on the second day, the rain ceased and the sun shone out. It was a curious scene the open shutters revealed. Every leaf was stripped off the trees, which were bare as midwinter. A few of the smaller ones had been uprooted bodily and whisked away down the ravine. Some were found later literally standing on their heads a good way off. It was quite a new idea to me that roots could be snowy white, but they had been so completely washed bare of soil by the downpouring rain that they were absolutely clean and white. A few hours later I was taken for a drive round some neighboring cane-fields. Of course the road was like the bed of a mountain torrent, and how the pony managed to steer himself and the gig among the boulders must ever remain a mystery. Already over three hundred Malagashes (coolies) were at work covering up the exposed roots of the canes, for each plant stood in a large hole partly filled with water, which was rapidly draining away. The force of the wind seemed to have whirled the cane round and round until it stood, quite bare of its crown of waving leaves, in the middle of a hole. Had

the sun reached these exposed roots, nothing could have saved the plant.

But my memories must not be all meteorological. Rather let me return in thought to the merry and happy intercourse with pleasant friends, of which so many hours stand brightly out. In all the colonies I know hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues, and nowhere more so than in pretty little Mauritius. I heard many lamentations that in these altered times the gracious will far outran the restricted possibilities, but still there were pleasant *chasses*, most amusing cameron-fishing *déjeuners*, and dances without end and number.

It was always great fun when the flagship of the East Indian squadron paid us an all too brief visit; and, indeed, the arrival of any man-of-war would be made an excuse for a little extra gaiety. I used to specially delight in getting the midshipmen to come in batches and stay at Réduit, although I often found myself at my wits' end to provide them with game to shoot at, for that was what their hearts were most fixed on. They all brought up weird and obsolete fowling-pieces which, the moment they had finished breakfast, they wanted to go and let off in the park. What fun those boys were, and what dears! One chubby youth, being questioned as to whether midshipmen were permitted to marry, answered:

"No, but sometimes there was a candlestick marriage."

"A what?"

"A candlestick marriage, sir—not allowed, you know."

"Clandestine" was the proper word, but it had a great success as a joke.

My young soldier guests were quite as gallant and susceptible to the charms of the bright eyes and pretty, gentle manners of my pet French girls, but I often felt disconcerted to find that at my numerous *bals privés* there was a

difficulty in getting them to dance with each other, because the red-coated youths would not or could not speak one word of French, whereas that difficulty never seemed to weigh with the middy for a moment.

I dare say that it is no longer the case now, and that improved mail and cable services have changed the loneliness of my day, when there was no cable beyond Aden, and only a mail steamer once a month. I always felt

as though we ourselves were on a ship anchored in the midst of a lonely ocean, and that once in four weeks another ship sped past us, casting on board mail bags and cablegrams. But even as we stood with stretched-out hands, craving for more news or more details of what news was flung to us, the passing steamer had sunk below the horizon, and we were left to possess our souls in what patience we might until the next mail day came round.

The Cornhill Magazine.

TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG.

"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and a blaze of scorching sunlight is beating down on the cracked yellow plaster walls of the hotel. The brown leaves of the vine that clammers over the lattice-like roofing of dried reeds, which shades the stone terrace below, are crisp and brittle with the heat. The little blue waves are lapping softly against the red of jutting rocks and the sharp white line of the landing-place belonging to the opposite villa. It seems as though the landscape, in a fit of that frothy French patriotism of which we hear so much, has turned itself red, white and blue, like the dingy old flag which hangs at the door of the café.

The dingy old flag is not there to-day, and the café is deserted. A few skinny fowls scratch about among the stones and hard-baked earth. A dragon-fly darts like a green flame across the sunshine, and down towards the peacock-blue bay.

Do you want to know why the eternal tricolor has been taken from the café door? I will tell you.

My story begins years ago, on a bare

hillside blotched here and there by a few crimson vine-leaves clinging still to the stakes which had held up the grapes. It was as desolate a spot as one could very well see, though the sky which hung above it was blue, and the bright Mediterranean waves glittered below. People talk of the gaiety of this southern land—people who walk in their best clothes on the Promenade des Anglais or the Boulevard de la Croisette. They are mistaken. They have never seen the South in all its sadness, in all its unutterable desolation—the South, silent and deserted, with its tracks of fertile land left un-planted, sacred to the hymn of that monotonous little sun-worshipper, the cicala.

Here, on the hillside, beyond the dead belt of the vines, some one had built a queer little shanty—built it of broken stones, of split bricks, of all kinds of odds and ends of rubbish. It had been erected very long ago, for there were holes in the walls, into which had been thrust bunches of dried reeds—the tall reeds whose feathery heads wave over the little river below, like the crests of

ghostly knights and paladins in some old forgotten romance. Here was no snug garden-plot, gay with yellow marigolds and nasturtiums, and fenced round with a hedge of scented privet, such as we see before the door of a country cottage in England. The earth was all baked and beaten down before the door, and a little yellow grass showed in sickly patches upon the burnt soil, from which the cicadas sprang up in clouds at every footstep, twirling their blue and red petticoats in the sunshine like innumerable different colored ballet-dancers.

On the day I remember, a woman was standing by the door harnessing a small, dusty-looking donkey to a broken-down kind of cart. In the cart was a supply of milk-bottles—the neat tin can of our civilized areas is here a thing unknown. The donkey had a weary, patient air, as though he had never known thoroughly-rested bones, or a thoroughly-satisfied appetite. The woman with her shabby dress, of which no atom of distinctive color remained beneath the fierce onslaughts of the sun, and her big country hat tied about her ears, seemed a creature of labor, a thing of seeming endless and hopeless toll.

Yet I remember that when I spoke to her she had the quick cheerfulness of her race, and all its childish disposition towards loitering gossip. Yes—she lived there. She was the milk-woman of the district, driving down at six o'clock every morning to the little toy station by the hotel, more than a mile away, and then, climbing all the sloping heights around to carry milk to the tiny huts, or sometimes villas, perched upon them. She got very little by this mode of living, she said, in her breezy, cheerful way, as though it hardly mattered to her. Every one was poor. She had almost always enough for the children and her husband, and she did not look for more. Of herself she did not

speak, and I felt that there were times when she and the dusty, patient donkey kept their fast together.

Then she opened the door of her little shanty and showed me the interior—a strange, dim place, which had a poverty-stricken weirdness of its own. A paralyzed man, some years her senior, was sitting near the tiny slit of window with the light falling on his pale face and vacant eyes. This was the husband of whom she spoke. On the floor a boy of three or four was eating wild figs, and playing with a battered tin trumpet. This was her youngest child. The other, some years older, was gone to pick mushrooms.

As she spoke he came in, his basket brimming with *zampignans*, as he called them in his queer childish patois. These children hardly understood civilized French. They were small and pale, like all Southern children, with an underfed air, and big, sad eyes. They sat munching their figs, and handling the toy trumpet with a strange, old-fashioned solemnity.

Yes, she said, they would be a help to her by-and-by, when they had done their service and come back to their old home. They could get work in the quarry over the hill; and, when she was too old, one of them would help her with the milk.

Odd, simple dream of rest and content! Only to leave off trudging up the rough hillsides where the cart could not go—only to drudge a little less bitterly in old age than she had done in youth! To sit in the sun sometimes and stare at the blue sky and the sea, and be at peace—what a little thing it seems! Who would think that so humble an ambition could never be realized?

I remember always, when I think of her, the senseless husband, staring at us with unmeaning eyes—the two children on the earthen floor playing with the tin trumpet.

Perhaps it was an omen, that tin trumpet!

I have seen her many times since then. I have seen her driving down to the little station in the cool, fresh morning, with the milk-bottles in shining rows behind her, or trudging up the narrow, winding path, beset with dancing cicadas and shining black bees, and here and there by glorious swallow-tailed butterflies like flames of brocaded gold. Sometimes I have seen her digging in the valley below, where the melons lie yellow in the sun, and thyme and southernwood grow as weeds beside the way. But, wherever and whenever I have chanced to see her, she has always been at work, and alone.

She always wears the same dress—or one like it—faded to the color of the brown earth. The straw of her wide, flapping hat is burnt to the same tint. She is grayer now than when I first saw her, and her face is scorched and wrinkled into the appearance of extreme old age; and the vacant husband still sits in the hovel on the hill like a grim, speechless vampire sucking the poor fruit of her labor.

But the tin trumpet has hung on the wall for many a year.

They went out, those little pickers of *zampignans* and figs, into the world beyond the sunny, herb-scented Esterel. The elder, released from his service, drifted away into other paths—going in the end, of course, to swell the ruffianism of lowest Paris. The younger came back, broken down by fever, poisoned by the deadly miasma of some pestilential African marsh—back to the mother whom he was to help, and the little bare hut on the hillside.

Neither of these two men had ever struck a blow at an enemy. Neither had lifted a finger in the defence of his country. Yet both were to die for it—one, years later, by the hand of the

executioner—one, only to-day, in the grip of disease.

For the last act in this humble drama ended to-day. As I came through the lonely rough road, leading through the forest to St. Raphaël, only an hour ago, I heard the cracking of a whip in the stillness, and the rumble of wheels. Presently one of the great stone carts of the quarry came in sight, rocking stormily among the ruts, and drawn by a couple of mules; and I looked up in sudden surprise, for, upon the high seat, holding the reins in her motionless hands, sat my old milk-woman of the hill.

Her face was still, and gray, and impassive as stone under the shadow of the faded hat. Her bent, brown figure hardly moved to the jolting of the cart. Her eyes, staring past me, had the look of some dumb beast of burden which has been goaded beyond even despair.

Three or four quarrymen ran beside the cart with whips in their hands, urging the mules on with an occasional cut, and a resonant Italian curse; and in the cart lay a coffin over which some one had flung the dingy French flag from the door of the dirty little *café*—fit covering for a soldier of France whose life had been offered up on the altar of his country's folly.

I stood aside, and the strange procession swept past me. There was something infinitely savage and barbaric about it—infinitely savage, but infinitely sad. The big, black mules with their high, peaked collars, the shape of which had, perhaps, never changed since the days of the Saracens—the brass laurel wreaths worked upon the leather trappings, dim survivals of Roman conquests; the running men, with their dark, unmoved faces, and their brutal exclamations; and, high above all, the jaded, motionless figure, sitting alone with its desolation and despair; and behind it, the rough coffin covered with a flag, torn by the fingers

of playing children, and bespattered not with blood, but with wine.

And yet France laughs at those who speak to her of Peace, and the trumpet calls from the empty fields those whose labor it should be to make fruitful this fertile desert—calls them to useless destruction before the altar of that national vanity which is miscalled Glory.

"La France—la Gloire—le Drapeau!" They are fine words these. But to that

Blackwood's Magazine.

gray old woman left alone upon her hillside, France is only a dim, terrible thing, to which her children have been sacrificed in vain. Glory is but another name for Death, and the flag is that battered tricolor before the *café* door, which has lain like a sad, unspoken epitaph, above the wreck of all her simple hopes, and the ruin of a broken life.

Nellie K. Blissett.

AMERICA AND THE CONTINENT.

Americans should read with careful attention the article from the *Listok of Odessa*, translated in the *Times* of Monday, May 14th. They do not usually count Russia among their foes, but that article, which is evidently written by a thoughtful Russian, probably a diplomatist, and which has passed the Censor, will show them that the dislike and suspicion of their policy is now nearly universal on the Continent. That dislike has been growing among the peoples for years, envy being among all but the English-speaking races the master passion, and it has now extended to the Governments. The main cause of it, no doubt, is fear, a positive dread of the enormous resources of the United States, and of the willingness of their people, revealed, as the *Listok* affirms, in the Spanish War, to use them for the forcible expansion of their trade and territory. The statesmen of Europe, themselves devoted to the enrichment of their States through transmarine acquisitions, do not know exactly what course America will pursue in her new greatness, and besides recognizing clearly that she is stronger than any single State of the Continent, doubt in their hearts whether, if all who speak

English stood together, it would be possible for any coalition, even if it covered all other civilized States, to raise up any sufficient obstacles to American designs. They cannot conceive that such a mass of power can be used for any but selfish ends, and are, therefore, genuinely alarmed. France cannot forget the terrible blow recently given to a Latin people of whom she thinks herself protectress; Germany sees the pathway to the great colonies of which she dreams blocked by the Monroe doctrine; Italy is always raging at the treatment of her Neapolitan emigrants; the Vatican, which counts among the Powers, is furious at the overthrow of Spain; and Russia most seriously dreads, as the *Listok* admits, interference with her great plans for controlling China and seating herself forever on the shore of the North Pacific. Those plans, which are really able, and which will convert the vast Asiatic dominions of the Czar, now only a burden on the Empire, into most valuable possessions, have taken as strong a hold of the governing classes of Russia as their old dream of inheriting Turkey, and they watch both America and England, as potential obstacles in the Far East, with a jealousy and spite which renders

It difficult to obtain a hearing in St. Petersburg for the wisest plans of compromise. The Listok, as Americans will see, actually speaks of a combination of Europe—that is, of the Continent, for our interest is identical with that of America—to resist them in China alone, and every new assertion by Washington of its right to protect its interests everywhere deepens the latent hostility. There is a note of positive anger, as well as surprise, that the Union should "venture to threaten a European Power" like Turkey in order to enforce a pecuniary obligation, and a menace is addressed to her which, if England joined in it, would be of the gravest kind, but which, as England does not join in it, only betrays the bitterest annoyance. "It is highly improbable," says the Listok, "that the thing will go so far as a naval demonstration, for there are Powers in Europe, with Russia in the van, who will lose no time in reminding the United States that the European Concert has, in the past, made sacrifices on far too extensive a scale in the settlement of the question of free passage through the Straits to think of allowing the United States now to nullify at a stroke agreements which have cost so much blood in working out." That menace has, at least, the merit of definiteness. However much Turkey may wrong the United States, American ships are not to pass the Straits in order to exact redress from Constantinople, under penalty of being blown by Russian, German and Austrian ships out of the water.

The disturbance of the European Governments is increased by two causes, of which Americans are naturally only partially aware. One is the newness of the American "intrusion" into world-wide politics. European statesmen might, one would think, have foreseen that a State with world-wide interests would have a world-wide ac-

tion; but it is difficult to get rid of a prepossession, and they were prepossessed with the notion that as America professed indifference to everything outside the Western Hemisphere, she would, under all circumstances, leave the Eastern one alone. "With words," says Disraeli, "we govern men," and certainly words do sometimes seem to have all the force of realities. That illusion has been dispelled, a new world-Power insists on recognition, and, just to begin with, without much effort strikes an ancient European Monarchy to its knees. To men embedded in traditions that event is most disturbing. The Continental Governments have many arrangements among themselves—some still secret—to meet various contingencies, and with this new ship drifting in they are not sure of their anchors. America in the Philippines, America in China, America in Turkey,—what does it all mean, and how are our combinations affected? The Governments feel as the managers of a great Trust feel when another Trust invades their *peculium*, and they have not thought out either the means of resistance or of bargaining. They grow quite savage, and may, perhaps, in the end, commit themselves to some imprudent line of action. They are not quite sure of the obstinacy of the intruder, though they fear it is very great; they are not quite certain that she has strong backing, and they may fancy that the case is one for trying a little bluff, and so produce a very serious situation indeed. This is the more probable from the second of the two causes, which Americans scarcely perceive. The professional diplomatists of the Continent hate the representatives of the Union, and would like any opportunity of giving them a sharp set-down. They detest the American habit—which is, no doubt, sometimes inconvenient—of using amateurs as Ambassadors and Ministers, men who use a non-profes-

sional phraseology, who never know how to distinguish between feint and earnest, and who press any demands they are sent to make with a sort of conviction that they must, in the end, be granted. "You see, our people," remarks an American, quite unconscious that his attitude is that of a master, "will not have your tariff." The frankness of the American agents strikes the old aristocrats of European Chancelleries as boorishness, their lawyer-like arguments as pettifogging, and their cool persistence as distinctly overbearing. American agents, we fancy, do sometimes use final arguments, the word "unfriendly," for instance, a little too soon, and their interlocutors get as angry as Palmerston was when he rebuked Walewski for using the word war, "a word which should never be employed between diplomatists." They do not think Americans respectful enough in their mention of the great, they fret at their ignorance of compara-

The Spectator.

tive rank, and they are as shocked as great solicitors at their impatience of long delays. Every trained diplomatist has in him a trace of the great ecclesiastic, who thinks that, as time is nothing to God, it should be nothing to the Church, either. Altogether, they find the American diplomatists an irritating element in the family, and would like very much an opportunity of displaying their real sentiments towards them. We do not know that this temper in ordinary times matters much, but when grave issues are at stake the hostile humor of an entire profession does not tend to pacification. When one's lawyers feel hurt by their adversary's lawyers, negotiations are very apt to end in Court instead of in a compromise. Anyhow, the Americans will do well to think over the arguments from the Listok, and decide in their own minds whether they think they indicate Continental love or not.

THE VOGUE OF "REMINISCENCES."

There is a magic in all remembrance of one age by another. The past within a past—how remote, how vivid it seems! How we warm to Cicero, and feel his antiquity in a flash, when we find him remembering the figures that moved about Rome in his boyhood.

There was old Caius Duilius, Marcus's son, he that gave the first blow to the pride of Carthage by sea. Many a time, when I was a youngster, have I stood to look upon him as he was marching home after supper, with a wax-taper to light him, and a violin playing before him. That was always his humor, and the great reputation of the man easily justified the levity.

How that figure engages itself to live in the mind, and gives the sense of immemorial distance. And why? Because it is recollected by Cicero, not related by Mommsen. It would be easy to collect such passages. One we will quote for its beauty. It seems more than probable that Defoe described his own boyish curiosity and insatiable love of a story when he wrote this passage about his boy hero, Captain Jack—a passage which no Englishman can read without a thrill.

In this way of talk, I was always upon the inquiry, asking questions of things done in public, as well as in pri-

vate; particularly, I loved to talk with seamen and soldiers about the war, and about the great sea-fights, or battles on shore, that any of them had been in; and, as I never forgot anything they told me, I could soon, that is to say, in a few years, give almost as good an account of the Dutch war, and of the fights at sea, the battles in Flanders, the taking of Maestricht, and the like, as any of those that had been there; and this made those old soldiers and tars love to talk with me too, and to tell me all the stories they could think of, and that not only of the wars then going on, but also of the wars in Oliver's time, the death of King Charles I and the like.

Nor does the power of reminiscence end soon. While it enlarges and flatters our grasp of life, it is all the time making that grasp more sane, more deliberate, less childishly tight; it is preparing us to let all go. We see how men were witty, were fed, were in love, were powerful, were eccentric, were envied—but how they, who differed so widely and piquantly in life, were huddled into Charon's boat together. There is a page of Hazlitt that is something to the point. Calling on Northcote one day, he found the painter half regretting that he had just sold a whole-length portrait of an Italian girl, which had become an old friend. The purchaser had said to him: "You may at least depend upon it that it will not be sold again for many generations." The picture was still in the studio, and Northcote showed it to Hazlitt.

On my expressing my admiration of the portrait of the Italian lady, he said she was the mother of Mme. Bellochi, and was still living; that he had painted it at Rome about the year 1780; that her family was originally Greek; and that he had known her, her daughter, her mother and grandmother. She and a sister, who was with her, were at

that time full of the most charming gaiety and innocence. The old woman used to sit upon the ground without moving or speaking, with her arm over her head, and exactly like a bundle of old clothes. Alas! thought I, what are we but a heap of clay resting upon the earth, and ready to crumble into dust and ashes.

However careless, "genial" and superficially chatty recollections may be, they are, at least, a personal record of the world when it was preparing itself for your own distinguished advent; and out of that adjacent past, and out of the crowd of men so nearly your contemporaries, who might have been your uncles, there issues many a sharp analogy, many a conversation one would like to have carried further, many a stray shot at the conscience which the reader must ward off as he can.

To-day the flow of reminiscences is a torrent without precedent, but not without proportion or explanation. For there was never an age in which writing was so fashionable or recollection so rich. An old man who has never dreamed to distinguish himself as an author, through all the years of his strength, may do so if he will only sit down and dictate to the phonograph what he remembers of the tinder-box. Is it strange that many do it?

So wonderfully has the social life of England changed in the Queen's reign that the personal identity of the nation has almost wanted proof; and this proof the reminiscence writers have furnished. It may be found in infinite witness-box variety, in the published recollections of Mr. Justin McCarthy, Henry Vizetelly, Sir Algernon West, Sir Edward Russell, Dr. B. W. Richardson, the Right Hon. Sir Mount-stuart Grant Duff, Mr. W. J. Linton, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Sir Harry Kepel, Mr. A. J. C. Hare, Stacey Marks, Dr. Newman Hall,

Frederick Locker, Mr. Joseph Arch, Miss Betham-Edwards, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Mr. James Payn, Mr. T. A. Trollope, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson, Prof. Max Müller, Walter White, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Baring-Gould. If this list, written down from memory, seems wearisome, consider its utter incompleteness! We will add to it only the name of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who has just published his "Personal Recollections," through Messrs. Cassell. His anecdote, which is gay and tragic, and wholly readable, begins at a time when Fleet Street was paved with cobbles, and when no omnibus charged less than sixpence to carry a Londoner the length of the Strand.

Those who had business to transact in the City went there in cabs; but there was little communication between the two extremities. . . . Ladies did not use these cabs. They were out of everything. No lady was admitted into a restaurant, nor into the coffee-room of an hotel, nor into an hotel at all if travelling by herself. Ladies whb, in the middle of the day, were kept from home by the pleasures and pains of shopping, went for lunch to pastrycooks' shops, where they got indigestion by eating raspberry tarts. . . . In families where no carriage was kept, ladies going out for the evening had to take what was called a "glass coach." . . . A lady living alone in apartments could not in those days receive a visit from a gentleman; still less could a gentleman living alone receive a lady in his rooms. . . . It was scarcely fashionable to go to the play, and few persons went there in evening dress. The theatrical saloon, whose abominations were put an end to by Macready, was a disgusting place. . . . Very little money was spent on stage production. Painted calico did duty for silk and satin, spangles for jewelery; it was held and believed that for stage purposes imitation was better than the real thing.

The Academy.

This is the world which Mr. Edwards peoples with men like the seven Mathews, the three Salas, Macready and Hans von Bülow, Douglas Jerrold and Shirley Brooks, Gavarni and Albert Smith, Edward Tinsley, the publisher, and E. S. F. Pigott, the Censor of Plays—Thackeray and Browning and Rubenstein lending their distinction. The same world has been described very, very often, but apparently people do not tire of hearing of these men and their times. A faint odor of palled punch and stale tobacco is wafted from the pages, and strange tints of old play-bills are flashed on one's vision, and kind things are said of good fellows who went to the wall in the fifties by the methods then in vogue, and skits, and "witty" articles and "agreeable" satires are quoted, and it is all amazingly ancient-modern. This vein of early and mid-Victorian anecdote will be worked out presently; and then? Will our own day have its small chroniclers? Will men write quaint and much quoted pages about the first cinematograph shown in London, and the Vagabonds' Club, and the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and the supremacy of the novel, and the automatic scent sprinkler, and the motor omnibuses, and the Aerated Bread Company and the "Souls"? And will Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. John Kensit, and Mr. W. B. Yeats and Bugler Dunne shine as stars in the anecdotal firmament of 1950? Doubtless. But the present fervor of reminiscence must, we think, pass away. It is natural that the Victorian era and the Nineteenth Century should put their papers in order. It is between those two worlds of Matthew Arnold, the one worn out, the other not ready to be born, that the cataracts of reminiscence have been heard all day long. It will be under similar conditions that the next wave of Reminiscence will arrive.





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